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Cyrus G. Shenk
ELIZABETHTOWN
Lanc. Co. PA
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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.

OCEAN'S TREASURES.

A FRAGMENT.

BY C. H. CRESWELL.

Oh, ceaturies might pass ere I could tell
One-half the strange, mysterious things that rest
Beneath the waves of ocean. Should I breathe
Of fabled sprites, or mermaids strangely fair?
Or lonely syrens with long, golden hair?
No! these are myths that no existence have
Save in the poet's brain.

But I would chant
With murmuring voice, of brilliant coral halls,
Where gold and gems, once known on earth, do glow;
Some lying loose, among the sands half hid,
And others in unopened caskets bound—
And others still, adorning skeletons,
Once earthly beings. But, oh no, not all—
For forms lie there, as yet, unchanged and fair,
Sweet faces, where soft beauty on their pale
Wan features still doth linger. Round their brows,
And amid their flowing hair, around their wrists,
Their fingers, and depending from their ears
Rare gems gleam brightly. Dark the waters lie
Around them there—so dark, and deep, and dense,
That scarce the light of day comes streaming through;
And yet, a light is there unlike all gleams
Of earth—which emanates from wondrous gems,
Gems that exist alone within the bed
Of mighty ocean. Not one precious stone
Of earth can match their rays. Treasures untold
Lie buried 'neath the sands—waifs from the wrecks
Of gallant barques. And heaps of shining gold
Lie there, amid white bones, sad remnants they
Of human creatures. Worthless, worthless gold!
And gems and precious things—all worthless ye!
Because no human hand can ever reach
To bear ye back to earth from ocean's depths.
For centuries, perchance, ye there have lain—
And there for centuries to come ye still
May hidden lie.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

MY MOTHER'S LETTER.

BY W. G. STEWART.

Ah, what a world of love
Upon this light-traced page I find;
A gentle voice as that of dove,
Distinctly hears my listening mind;
The same as heard in years before,
When with the mother seen no more.

These characters to me,
Though broken by a trembling hand,
Are better than chirography
Of equal length and flourish grand;
I place them now my lips anear,
No longer seen for blinding tear.

How beautiful the words!
What lessons pure each sentence gives!
Emotions thrill my heart's deep chords,
While holy impress it receives;
And strongly the resolve I make,
The admonitions wise to take.

Should I in battle fall,
This letter in my bosom worn
Perhaps may catch the flying ball—
My heart and that at once be torn;
With her away content I'll die,
If on these lines may rest my eye.

If death could make a bride
Of one who braved long years of storm,
To know her last loved son had died,
Would clothe in white that stricken form.
But if her counsels I pursue,
We'll live where storms and wars are thro'.

Camp Curtis-Noyes, Dec. 25, 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

WINNIE;

OR, THE AVENGER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY HATTIE HEATH.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE AVENGING ANGEL.

Aye, think upon the cause.
Forget it not; when you lie down to rest,
Let it be black among your dreams.—*Byron.*

Mr. Malcom was unable to leave his room that morning, and Tony, who had spent the night with him, told Jennet, "Marster had bad night, berry bad night; he 'fraid he wouldn't stan it long, and he was 'lirious like, and kep callin Miss Mabel to come in outen the rain, 'cos if something terrible happen to her, an he reckon she better send Miss Mabel in to quiet him."

At this Aunt Jennet's tears and lamentations doubled, and she went to Mrs. Malcom's room.

"Miss Car'line, Mars Percy wants Miss Mabel, and I can't, for my life, go tell him she's gone. It will kill him done dead, I knows it will."

"I will go to him, Jennet, and don't you worry; your mistress has gone, and you can't help it. I am sorry, for Mr. Malcom's sake, and will endeavor to comfort him." She proceeded to his chamber—gave one glance at him, and going to the door, despatched Tony for Dr. Hill. "And ride fast, Tony, your master is very ill." She returned to the bedside.

"How do you find yourself this morning, my dear Sir?"

"Very bad. Where is Mabel?"

"I have sent for Dr. Hill—would you like to see him?"

"I don't know; but why has not Mabel been in this morning?"

"She has gone away, Sir."

"Mabel gone? Where?"

"I cannot tell you, Sir."

"Mabel gone, and you do not know where! She said nothing about it last night."

"I am exceedingly sorry to distress you, Sir, but Mabel has shown herself ungrateful to you."

"Ungrateful! that cannot be!" and he looked surprised.

"I fear she is. Last night, against all my protestations, she left your house with Hugh Maxwell; they were married in Willow Creek church, and are now on their way to Europe to spend the honeymoon."

Slowly did the cruel woman utter the words, that they might sink deep into the mind of the feeble old man, and burn there. His distress and agony were terrible; great drops of perspiration beaded his brow, and he moaned most piteously. Caroline would have raised him and given him a drink, but he motioned her away and closed his eyes.

Mrs. Malcom called Vic to put things to rights in the room before the Doctor came, and kept her seat by the bedside until his arrival.

Dr. Hill looked at his patient, felt his pulse, and shook his head.

"Great derangement of the nervous system—very great excitability," and he proceeded to give him a quieting powder, inquiring, "Where is Miss Mabel this morning? I usually find her very attentive on my visits."

At mention of the beloved name, Mr. Malcom was thrown into such a state of excitement that he could with difficulty be kept in bed. Tony was called in to attend him, and Mrs. Malcom beckoned the Doctor out, and told him of Mabel's elopement.

The good Doctor was very much astonished, and said:

"The sudden stroke had so wrought upon Mr. Malcom's already enfeebled system, that he thought he could never recover. All they could do was to keep him as quiet as possible, and avoid all mention of Mabel."

Mr. Malcom lingered a few weeks just upon the borders of the grave, while his daughter-in-law was most assiduously attentive. One morning the Doctor told him he had not many days to live, and if he had any business to do, he had better do it quickly.

"I have no wish to live, Doctor. All earthly pleasures have been taken away from me, and I shall go to treasures above."

"Have you made your will, Mr. Malcom?"

"Only one, a great many years ago—and, Doctor, if you will bring Lawyer Brown with you to-morrow morning, I will make another. I will not be unjust to Mabel, if she did leave me. She did not know how her old grandfather loved her," and he sighed heavily.

Doctor Hill promised to come with the lawyer the next morning, but "man proposes, and God disposes;" before the next morning, the departing spirit was at peace; God had "given his beloved rest."

Three days after, Mr. Malcom was laid to rest in the family burying-ground, beside his wife, and a child that died in infancy. His son was sleeping in the ocean, and his daughter among the New England hills.

Mrs. Malcom mourned deeply, if one could judge by the depth of the heavy crape. Frank was called home, and the will produced and read. It was the one made immediately after his return from the North, bequeathing all his vast property to his son Charles and his heirs. A codicil had been added after the death of his son, in which it was deeded to Mrs. Malcom in trust for her children, and in case they married against her will, the whole fortune was to go to her.

The will was duly attested, and Mrs. Malcom took formal possession of the property. As Frank had no hope of ever again seeing Oriola, at the urgent request of his mother, he remained at Malcom Heights, as its *nominal* master.

Mrs. Malcom now began to breathe more freely than she had done in years—a weight seemed lifted from her heart, now that all who possessed the terrible secret of her life were out of the way. This feeling of self-satisfaction was just nicely settling down upon her, when she was startled out of it by a most strange, mysterious circumstance, or rather a chain of circumstances.

One night she was suddenly awakened by a brilliant white light shining in her room, and at the foot of her bed stood an awful, majestic-looking figure, like an angel with wings upon the shoulders, draped in white garments, which shone in the terrible light. The face was solemn and ghastly as the dead, and the hair that floated round the shoulders was like molten gold in that mysterious brightness—and, oh! horrid to her vision, one hand was black, and held a reeking human heart, while in the other was a wand of fire. Looking her steadfastly in the face with its glittering eyes, it uttered these fearful words in a sepulchral voice:

"Woman! I am the Avenging Angel! Behold your own heart, black, and foul, and bloody with the evil deeds and murders you have committed in it. The wail of a freezing babe arises from it—the cry of an abused mother has reached my ear—the shriek of a murdered maiden pierced Heaven—the black forgery that sold the angel heart of your child is registered—the ravings of a maniac girl in the forest have come up as a memorial—the dying moans of a cruelly deceived old man have risen up in judgment. Woman! repent, ere I pierce thy heart with the rod of fire!"

The fearful light that shone around the figure died gradually away, and the room seemed to be filled with wails, groans, cries and shrieks, then all died away in silence.

The guilty woman tried to call aloud to awaken Vic, who was sleeping profoundly, near her, but her tongue seemed palsied with terror. She clenched her hands, beat herself and bit the flesh upon her fair arms until they bled, to be sure she was awake, and then, with a cold terror running through her veins, she awaited the morning light.

She looked for the blood she had seen dropping from the gory heart, but could find no trace of anything unusual, and she finally concluded she must have been the victim of a horrid nightmare; but the next night, and the next, the same vision appeared to her—the same terrible light shone—the same eyes glittered upon her—the same black hand and bloody heart was before her, and the same solemn words were repeated.

Her loudest screams could not awake Vic, who snored most perseveringly on the floor, and she determined to change her sleeping-apartment. Accordingly she moved all necessary articles into the room formerly occupied by Cassy, and for a week her nights were quiet; she began to hope she had escaped the Avenging Angel, but thrice again did it appear to her with the black heart and rod of fire.

From room to room of that vast house did the guilt-stricken woman remove, but she could never occupy the same room one week before the terrible angel would stand in her presence with its fearful words.

She began to grow nervous, and even in daylight would start at the least sound, and soon her health became seriously affected. She proposed shutting up Malcom Heights and going to the city for the winter. Frank objected to that, but proposed she should spend the winter in Winston's family, as he should necessarily be from home most of the time, engaged in settling up the various affairs connected with the estate.

Accordingly she removed to Beech Glen, hoping to find relief and happiness in the society of Cassy, whom she was growing to idolize; her sweet submission and gentleness, and her failing health, endeared her to all the household at Beech Glen, and as her mother looked upon her ethereal loveliness, and felt she was not long for earth, she seemed to see the Avenger stand over her beloved child with the rod of fire.

There came an hour of agony and trial for the patient Cassy, and there were anxious faces at Beech Glen, and hurryings to and fro, and glancing lights; then low whispers and soft footsteps in a room where Cassy lay, paler than the snowy lace that drooped on her cheek, with a tiny babe beside her.

Gradually the house became quiet, and Aunt Jennet, who had come from the Heights, sat in a corner, with her hands tightly drawn over her face, and did not observe the dark, bent figure that entered the room, roused Cassy from a light slumber, hissed a few words in her ear, then glided noiselessly out again, but she heard the wild shrieks of Cassy, that pealed through the house, bringing all the inmates in consternation to the room.

Mrs. Malcom and Maud Wharton entered first, and as Maud approached the bed Cassy recoiled, screaming:

"Go away! go away! I say you are not my sister—I have no sister! Go away, I say!"

Her mother would have tried to soothe her, but she sprang up in bed, and snatching a pillow, threw it at her, exclaiming:

"Have you come to carry *my* first-born away into the woods to perish with *your* first-born?" Mrs. Malcom was borne senseless from the room. Cassy caught her babe to her bosom, and began to talk to it, and sing.

"Let us go out in the woods to die, baby, the snow will spread us a nice white sheet, as it did years ago for my sister." Then she began to sing, "O, my sister! my sister! she died in the cold, cold snow, but her mother's cold heart was colder, *colder*—COLDER!" and her voice rang out loud and clear, reaching the distant room where Mrs. Malcom lay in convulsive swoons.

Winston succeeded in soothing his wife and persuading her to lie down, but she held her baby tightly, so tightly that Aunt Jennet feared she would kill it.

"Let me take the baby, Miss Cassy, honey."

"No, no! you will take it out into the woods to die," and she clasped it closer. Her eyes were like two burning coals, bright and glittering—and the hectic flush on her cheek had never been so bright a crimson. Winston's strong heart shook as he looked upon his beloved, gentle wife, wild with delirium.

The Doctor came back, but could do nothing for the raving young creature, who refused to take his soothing medicine.

"Would you kill me, and then take my baby out in the woods to freeze? Go away from me! Go away, I say!" and she hugged the infant more closely.

She would bear no one near her but her husband, and continued to rave and sing to the child, which was perfectly still, until the gray light began to come in at the windows.

Then her delirium passed away, and she grew quiet, but it was the quiet of death, and Edward Winston was a desolate man. They buried his angel wife, and her baby with her, for she had pressed it to death in that night of frenzy.

Again the Avenger came to Mrs. Malcom with its awful words, and this time the burning rod had pierced the heart.

Was it not strange that guilt-haunted woman did not go mad?

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MANIAC.

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So close they follow.—*Shakspeare*

At the moment when Mrs. Malcom made the upward passes over an imaginary body, Mabel lost her hold of the reins, and the horse being in a rapid gallop, she could not retain her seat, and was thrown to the ground, where she lay insensible several hours, with the drenching rain pouring down upon her.

It was still dark when she opened her eyes and raised herself from the ground. The bonnet she had worn fell from her head, but the wet veil still clung to her hair. Rising, she started into the forest which was all around her, crying:

"Coming! Grandpapa! coming! I did not mean to stay away so long." Rapidly she pushed her way through the dense woods, hour after hour, now and then stopping to listen, calling out in answer, "Coming, Grandpapa! coming!" starting on again as fast as her strength would permit, and that was the exhaustless strength of fever, burning in her veins and setting fire to her brain.

As night drew on again, she only fled the faster into the heart of the deep forest; darkness gathered around her, still she plunged on, with the same cry, and at midnight neared the encampment of a party of hunters. She saw the light of their fires, and, with a cry of joy, ran toward it, and rushed in among the sleeping men, startling them from their slumbers. They caught their guns instinctively, as they bounded from the ground.

"I've come, Grandpapa! let me warm me by the fire, and then I will be ready," and she knelt by the fire.

The hunters stopped, amazed at the apparition, until one of them burst into a laugh.

"Well, boys, here's a new-fangled hunter. A gal hunting her grandad. Which of you is it? Come now, own up, and treat."

Mabel bent her ear as if listening, then started up to run again, with "Yes, Grandpapa, I will be there in a minute."

The same hunter caught her as she was darting past him.

"Look-a-here, my pretty gal, you can't get to any place from here in a minute, for we are right in the middle of Lucifer's woods, and you won't find any better grandad than I am to-night."

"O, let me go!" cried Mabel, pitifully, "don't you hear him call me?"

"No, I don't hear anything but the wild beasts howl, and it is a wonder they didn't nab you too. Come, Katy-did, you can't do better than stay here," as she would have flung herself away from him.

"For shame, Dick!" spoke another, stepping up, "this must be a crazy girl, escaped from the Asylum, but I don't see how she could get so far away. We must be gentle with her, and carry her back. Can't you respect the unfortunate? Suppose she were your sister."

"But, I do say, it is funny, Joe. I have heard of 'Japhet in search of a father,' and 'Cœlebs in search of a wife,' and 'Kate in search of a husband,' and I'll be hanged if here ain't a pretty gal in search of her grandpap."

"O, let me go!" again plead Mabel. The one called Joe addressed her.

"You will be lost in the woods if you go any farther to-night, Miss; and if you will stay here till morning, I will take you to your grandfather."

"O, will you? you are very kind, when he wants me so much." And she gave him her hand, and turned toward the fire again, shivering, "I am so cold," although it was midsummer.

"I say, boys, give us your coats." Immediately a pile of coats were spread upon the ground, and, after much persuasion, Mabel was induced to lie down on them. Another was spread over her, and in a short time she was sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion, guarded by a rough band of hunters, with human hearts in their bosoms.

In the morning they found their strange guest unable to rise, and wild with delirium, and making a rude litter of boughs, they covered it with their coats, and gently laid the girl upon it, and commenced their march toward civilization, taking turns in bearing their burden. It was a wearisome march, and night was fast coming on again when they emerged into the road below Mount Hope Convent, where the bells were chiming for vespers.

"I say, boys, hadn't we better take her to the Convent? The Sisters can take better care of her than any one else, and as we don't know who her grandad is, we might as well take her there as any place."

"It is nearer to my mother's, and hard climbing the hill to the Convent with such a burden as this. My mother will take care of her till we can find out who she is," said Joe.

"Maybe we had better. It is only a few steps to Mrs. Allen's."

In a few moments the band of hunters paused before a small cottage, in the edge of the forest. A woman, little past the middle age of life, opened the door, exclaiming:

"O, my poor Joe!"

"Tisn't Joe this time, Mother Allen," said Dick; "it is only a little dear we have captured."

"Thank Heaven! I feared you had brought my son back either dead or dying."

"This poor girl is nearly dead, mother, and soon will be quite, if she does not have care. Fix a bed quick, while I bring her in." Joe Allen lifted the insensible form of the sick girl and tenderly bore her into the humble cottage, and laid her upon the bed in his mother's little bed-room. The patchwork quilt was scrupulously clean, and the sheets and pillows as white as the driven snow.

"Do what you can, while I go for Doctor Stanly." Joe went out, and with his companions proceeded to the little village, half or three-quarters of a mile distant. In half an hour Doctor Stanly was beside his strange patient. Mrs. Allen, in the meantime, had taken off her uncomfortable clothing and put on a snowy muslin wrapper, which she drew from a chest of drawers in the next room, murmuring:

"Dear Allie! you are clothed in the robes of the heavenly kingdom now, and the poor stranger can have this."

"A very severe attack of brain fever. Madam, who is she?"

"I do not know. My son Joseph went out with a party of hunters, a few days ago, and they returned this afternoon with this poor creature. She burst in upon their encampment, in the heart of Lucifer's woods, last night, as wild as she could be."

"Some escaped lunatic, perhaps, exposed to the heavy rain the night before. Her constitution is good, and if it can sustain her through this fever, very probably she will recover in her right mind; but she will need the tenderest care, Mrs. Allen."

"I will do the best I can for her, Doctor."

"I do not doubt it, Madam, but I think you had better send to the Convent for assistance. It is too great a task for one."

"I can let them know it in the morning, if she is no better."

"She will not be any better in a long time, if she ever is. We must do what we can, and leave the result with Providence."

Mabel raved in delirium all night, and the next morning Joe was despatched to the Convent, with the request that the Mother Superior would permit some of the Sisters to come to their relief, and from that time Mrs. Allen was not alone; day and night those gentle ministers were at the bedside of the stranger.

Doctor Stanly wrote to the Asylum, but an answer was returned that none of their patients had escaped, and Mabel, in all her wildness, had given them no clue to any name whereby they might know who her friends were.

For six long weeks, Mabel lay in alternate delirium and stupor. And when she finally sunk into the first heavy slumber since her attack, the Doctor watched her closely for several hours, with his fingers on her pulse, occasionally putting his ear down to listen to her breathings, which gradually became gentler and more natural, until the tensed nerves began to relax, and finally a soft moisture appeared on her skin.

"Thank God! She will live now," said he, taking a long breath. "Sister Claudia, will you watch beside her till she awakes, and then give her this stimulant, but do not permit her to speak," and the faithful, weary physician went to seek a little needful repose.

Sister Claudia, the person addressed, was a slight, tall girl, dressed in mourning, instead of the usual garb of the Sisters, with masses of black hair, a dark complexion, but, singularly enough, the black eyelashes veiled a pair of eyes that were of a piercing, glittering blue.

She took her station by the sleeper, and gazed on the pale, pinched face; hour after hour passed, and Mabel slept on, the perfect abandonment of exhaustion, her skin growing softer and her breathing more natural every moment.

Mabel's first sensation was as if awaking from a long, strange nightmare in utter helplessness. For a long time she lay, too weak even to open her eyes, and she thought she must still be dreaming, for a low voice uttered a prayer of thanksgiving, and a shower of soft kisses fell on her forehead. In her delirium she fancied she was in the home of her childhood, and now her first thought was of her mother, and she whispered:

"Mamma."

There was a slight movement in the room, and when she opened her eyes they rested on the motherly face of Mrs. Allen, who held the stimulant to her lips, saying:

"Take this, dear, and go to sleep again; the Doctor says you must not speak."

Mechanically she took the potion, and Mrs. Allen left her wondering where she was, how she came there, and what was the matter. Her weak mind could not solve one question, and weary with trying to think, she fell asleep again.

Again she felt the soft kisses when she awoke, but when she opened her eyes as if expecting to see some angel's form, she only saw Mrs Allen again.

"Do you feel better, dear?" said her kind voice.

"I don't know, but where am I?"

"You are with friends." Mabel could not think.

"How came I here, away from home?"

"You were brought to me by a hunting party." Mabel looked distressed. "My son was one of them. You bounded into their encampment one night, wild with fever, and they brought you here."

"How long since?"

"Six weeks; and you have been very ill."

Six weeks! O, what might not have happened in that time! And did they know where she was? If so, why was not Aunt Jennet with her? She spoke again:

"Has any one inquired for me?"

"No, dear! and we did not know who your friends were, or we should have informed them of your illness."

Mabel moaned. Was her loss, then, so little that she could be absent six weeks and no one inquire for her? What did it all mean—how came she from home—and she tried to remember. Her thoughts went over the occurrences of the last day at home—the unusual feebleness of her grandfather—her constant attendance on him, and, lastly, sitting down after supper to be magnetized by her aunt for the headache. After that all was a blank—not another circumstance could she recollect. How strange! and she shuddered at the last picture, of her aunt standing before her, with those piercing black eyes fixed upon her. What did it mean?

But she had found care and kindness in a stranger's dwelling. Mrs. Allen was still beside her, and she took her hand.

"Dear friend, I thank you deeply for your kindness to a homeless stranger."

"Do not speak of it. I had a daughter once, and if she had been thrown upon the pity of strangers, I would have blessed those who cared for her. Perhaps you have a mother?"

"I am a homeless orphan," was Mabel's sad reply.

"If you are homeless, you are not friendless, dear child."

Almost imperceptibly, Mabel grew better. One evening she lay wakeful, and Joe was reading aloud to his mother from a city paper he had brought up from the village. In a low, but clear voice, he read one item after another, and every word was distinctly heard by Mabel. At last he read that which made her poor heart stand still;

"Died, at his residence, Malcom Heights, Mr. Percy Malcom. His death is supposed to have been caused by the elopement of his favorite grandchild with Mr. Hugh Maxwell, well known in this city. The wedded pair have gone to Europe."

Mystery upon mystery! Sorrow upon sorrow! What connection had she with Hugh Maxwell, a man whom she feared and avoided. Her fountains of grief were opened afresh in the thought that her beloved grandfather had died believing her unkind and ungrateful. Why did she not die in her delirium, before she awoke to such sorrow? All these thoughts passed through her mind before Joe finished his paragraph, and a low, heart-broken moan escaped her lips.

"Hush, Joe, you disturb the young lady! I thought she was asleep." The good woman hastened to her guest, and found her in a deadly swoon.

"Run Joe, quick, for the Doctor. I am afraid she is dead now." Joe started with all speed, while Mrs. Allen rubbed the girl's face and hands with brandy, which was near at hand, and so far succeeded in recovering her that she was gasping and moaning when Joe returned with Doctor Stanly, who could not account for the sudden relapse of his patient.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE CONVENT.

Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known.
Shakspeare's Cymbeline.

It was weeks before Mabel began to recover her strength again. She was almost constantly attended by a gentle girl, who might have been two or three years older than herself, with a sweet, sad face like Cassy's, and yet unlike. One day Mabel asked her name.

"They call me Oriola."

"That is very sweet! Were you named after the birds?"

"I do not know," was the reply, with a blush, "will you tell me what I may call you?"

"I have been called Mab, by one whom you resemble."

"Did you love her?"

"Very much."

"Will you love me for her sake?"

"Yes, and for your own too, else I should be ungrateful for your kindness." And she wound her thin arms about the fair young girl's neck, and kissed her, and prayed God to bless her for her kindness to a forsaken orphan.

O, how vividly came up before her the day at Hamilton Hall—its dreary desolation, and her own sad forebodings. Was she not now dreary—desolate—forsaken? The last tie that bound her to Malcom Heights was broken, and now, like a helpless waif, she was drifting out on the cold waves of the unfeeling world. She had no more claim to the name of Malcom, and now she would take again the one she inherited from her father, and "Mabel Wilbur" was the one she gave to her kind hostess and young friend. They knew not her relation to any other, for, with true delicacy, they asked no questions of her former life.

Gradually she recovered, but when she first looked in the small mirror hanging over her washstand, she started back as if she had seen an apparition. Could that be the Mabel Malcom of three months ago? Her soft brown hair had all been cut from her head, in the first stage of her illness, to apply blisters, and now it was coming out again very much darker, clinging around her pale face in short, thick curls. Certainly she did not know herself.

It was a happy day for them, at the cottage, when Mabel came from her little room and took her seat at the table with them. Every delicacy that Joe could possibly procure to tempt her appetite was laid before her, and every attention which the most affectionate brother could bestow, was hers.

Mabel was deeply grateful for it all, but her proud heart winced at the thought of existing on the charity of those who were so little able to bear the expense. She confided her feelings to Oriola, and asked advice. Oriola wished to consult the Lady Superior, and the result was a proposition to enter the Convent school as teacher of music, if she could fill the place. The forsaken girl eagerly accepted the offer.

When she told Mrs. Allen and Joe of her change, Joe seized his hat and left the cottage; Mrs. Allen wept at parting with her, and told her how she was growing into the lost Allie's place.

Mabel comforted her by telling her she would visit her every week, and in a short time was doing her duties in the Convent.

In passing through the rooms, she often met a tall figure, dressed in mourning, who noticed none, either by word or look, but Mabel would stop and look longingly after her. She asked Oriola who it was.

"That is Sister Claudia, our teacher of painting."

"But she does not wear the dress of your Order."

"No, but we are all Sisters here. I wear the dress, but I have never taken the vows." Mabel looked surprised.

"I would have taken them last year, but my guardian forbade it. Sister Claudia has a studio in one of the upper rooms. Would you like to see her pictures? I never saw any so full of passion; but she is too young to have lived through all she paints."

They went to her room. The artist was seated before her easel, absorbed in her occupation, and paid no attention to the entrance of her visiters, who passed around examining the pictures, until they paused behind the young artist.

"Sister Claudia, your best pictures are not here," said Oriola.

"No!" was the terse and unsatisfactory reply, as the artist continued her work. It was a wild picture of a lonely forest at night. Through the trees you could see the watch-fires and the prostrate forms of hunters; in the fore-ground was a maniac girl, with wild eyes, dishevelled hair, and claspad hands, running toward the fire. Mabel trembled. Was the face of the maniac purposely like her own? The artist turned and fixed those cold, piercing blue eyes upon her.

"How do you like my picture? It is true to the life. I never paint anything but true pictures. You do not recognize this, of course. You have been told that you burst upon a company of hunters at midnight when your brain was wild. See how I sympathized with you! One would scarcely think you now to be the original of that face. Do you know you have changed very much? I saw you the next day after you were brought to Mrs. Allen's. Your nearest friends would not recognize you now."

"I have no friends," said Mabel, sorrowfully, looking into the blue eyes, which changed not from their strange, cold expression.

"No friends, Sister Mab?" said Oriola, in a reproachful tone.

"Forgive me, dear, I was wrong!"

"Friends are, like angels, often near when we dream not of their presence," and the deep, magnetic eyes withdrew slowly from Mabel's face, and Claudia turned to her work, putting the finishing touches to her picture.

"She is a strange being," said Oriola, as they left the room. "I think she must have taken all her best pictures to her room. She has been here nearly a year, and has never been idle a single day. She seldom speaks to any one, and sometimes I have seen a look of hopeless sorrow on her face, then it would turn to an expression of the deepest hatred and revenge. Sister Agatha, whose room is next hers, says she often keeps her awake all night, walking her room, and talking to herself. She evidently has some secret sorrow that has aroused her anger more than anything else, but she confides in none. She leaves us to-morrow, much to our regret, for she is the best artist we have ever had in the school; but she cannot be persuaded to remain, or give any reason for going."

The next morning the strange Claudia left the Convent, going on foot down to the little village, where she said a friend was to meet her. Mabel watched the figure as it slowly wound down the hill, and sighed as it passed out of sight in the forest.

Every Saturday Mabel spent with Mrs. Allen, dear Mrs. Allen. Mabel's life now was quiet, a kind of hopeless quiet. The future seemed a blank; a vast sheet of nothingness was drawn before her mental gaze, not one thought or hope, either of joy or relief, not a glimmer of light on the broad canvas. One of her greatest enjoyments was the days spent with Mrs. Allen, for she felt that she made the lonely woman happy by her visits. Ah, then! The great secret of happiness is to make others happy; although it does not bring an ecstasy of joy, there is a quiet peace in the heart of one who thinks of the comforts of others; griefs, hidden, that others may not be sorrowful, will presently grow softened.

The winter was far advanced, and had hitherto been quite open. One Saturday morning, Mabel left the Convent to pay her usual weekly visit to the cottage. The sky wore that peculiar gray tint which usually precedes a snow-storm, and the wind felt like snow-flakes in her face, but Mabel paid no attention to it. Soon after her arrival, the snow began to fall, softly and slowly, flake by flake, but gradually increasing.

Mabel found Mrs. Allen alone, Joe having gone into the forest to cut wood. After their cozy dinner was over, the two found so much to talk about, they did not observe how fast the snow was increasing until night was coming on rapidly. When they did, Mabel started up, exclaiming:

"O, dear! only see how deep the snow is! I must go immediately. Now, I should not have been caught in this way if you had not been so very entertaining, Mrs. Allen."

"Why Mabel, dear, you cannot possibly get to the Convent in this storm. You had better stay all night."

"And won't the snow be all the deeper in the morning?"

"Well, wait then, until Joe comes home, and he will go with you."

"Don't I know every step of the way from here to the Convent? I am sure I have travelled it often enough."

"Yes! but not in such a blinding storm, and night coming on too."

"I believe I shall try it, anyhow. I like storms. Sometimes I feel as if they did me good—as if they stirred up the stagnant blood in my veins, and I feel stronger after it."

Mabel was ready by this time, and bidding Mrs. Allen a gay adieu, she plunged out into the storm. The snow was deeper than she thought, and after she reached the road her progress was so slow, she was on the point of turning back, but she had never seen such a snow-storm since she left New England, and she seemed to exult in being out in it. The wind was rising every moment, and blew piercing cold, but she drew her veil more closely, and bending her head to the blast, courageously pressed forward; for a long time she did not notice that, instead of ascending the hill toward the Convent, she had taken the road down into the valley. She began to think she was a long time going through the forest, and stopped to look around her; to her dismay, she could not tell where she was, for the forest seemed impenetrable on all sides. In alarm, she began to retrace her steps, but the way was more toilsome, and her feet so clogged with the snow, she could scarcely move them. On—on she went, but it had now grown so dark she could not find the path where she ought to turn. With the blinding snow, cutting wind and sudden darkness, she grew bewildered, and wandered on, hoping each moment to see Mrs. Allen's friendly light.

She grew so weary she could scarcely walk, and finally sat down to rest. A feeling of numbness gradually crept over her, and the terrible cold she had felt while moving passed away. She leaned her head upon her knees, and would soon have fallen asleep, but she bethought herself that drowsiness preceded death by freezing, and she roused herself, and again went forward in the storm, but her benumbed limbs failed her, and she reeled and fell into the drifts.

The power of further thought was gone, and she lay there while every fresh gust of wind was each moment burying her deeper in the cold, white shroud.

Once she wondered if anybody would miss her this time and look for her body, and with a half-uttered prayer on her lips, she relapsed into unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XIX.

SYMPATHY.

As, one by one, thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.
O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.—*Longfellow.*

Joe had been far into the forest cutting wood that day, but it was slow work, and night was upon him before he had filled up his trucks and turned the heads of his oxen homeward. Slowly and patiently they toiled through the deepening drifts, and, with a sigh of relief, Joe found himself once more on the main road. Slowly the oxen plodded on, Joe following in the track they made, with his head bent before the blast.

Suddenly he thought he heard a moan, and stopped the cattle to listen; again it smote upon his ear, and near too. What if some one were perishing in the snow? He plunged out into the drifts to go ahead. What was that directly under the feet of the oxen? He took hold of it; it was a portion of a dress. With his hands he dug away the snow, and lifted up a senseless form; it was too dark to tell who it was, and looking ahead, he could see the light from his mother's cottage, for at that moment she raised the curtain, and set the candle in the window. Without waiting for a path, he went forward with his burden, leaving the oxen to follow at a more leisurely pace.

"Open the door, mother, quick," he called, in a loud voice, and in another moment the bright light from the huge fire-place gleamed far out on the snow, like a sheen of crimson lace.

"Here is some poor thing I found out here in the snow. I do not think she is dead, for she moaned as I picked her up," and he laid her upon a low lounge; Joe had made the frame, and Mabel covered it for Mrs. Allen.

"Why, Joe, it is our poor Mabel, and she looks as if she were dead," and the good woman began to remove her wrappings. "Hand me the camphor bottle out of the cupboard, and put the kettle over the fire with water."

She rubbed the cold hands of the chilled girl, and forced some of the camphor into her mouth, but she did not revive; then she heated the camphor, and covered her chest with hot flannels, and wrapped up her cold hands, and prepared to chafe her feet with it. She removed the shoe and stocking from the left foot, and rubbed that until it began to feel warm, and then took hold of the other. A quick, sharp cry escaped Mabel, and she was insensible again.

"O, dear! what is the matter?" said Mrs. Allen, as she drew off the shoe and found the stocking covered with blood. "Her foot is crushed, Joe," and the tender-hearted woman laid down her head and wept.

"O, mother!"

"It is, Joe! What if the poor thing should lose her foot!"

"Bright must have stepped on it, and that made her groan. If it had not been for that, I should not have found her. O, dear! what shall we do?"

"I don't know, Joe, dear; we must do the best we can to-night, for Doctor Stanly cannot possibly be got here to-night."

Tenderly and carefully Mrs. Allen bound up the crushed foot, as well as she could, in soothing poultices, to keep down the inflammation. But as soon as Mabel began to recover from the stupor of cold, the pain in her foot threw her into spasms, and the fire went not out in the cottage that night, while the two faithful friends watched beside her. With the first gray light of dawn, Joe started to the village for Dr. Stanly, for Mabel was wild with pain. It was two hours before he arrived. The snow had ceased falling, but the drifts were deep.

The foot was much swollen and inflamed in spite of Mrs. Allen's poultices, and the Doctor thought some bone must be broken, and a very painful operation would have to be performed.

"Will she ever walk again, Doctor?" asked Joe, in an awed voice.

"I cannot tell!" was the reply, and, with his lips firmly compressed, he set about the operation. Mabel had lain in a stupor for some time, but with the first cut of the keen steel into the tender foot, she sprang up with a scream.

"Sit down there behind her, Joe, and hold her. Mrs. Allen, you had better go away." Joe held Mabel in his strong arms until the foot was bound up.

"There! I think that will do, now. Mrs. Allen, you must watch it very closely, and if it grows worse send for me immediately. It will be a mercy if she does not lose the foot."

They did not feel alarmed about her at the Convent, for they supposed she had concluded to stay all night, and the whole establishment was thrown into the greatest consternation when Doctor Stanly appeared and told them of her escape from perishing in the snow, and the painful accident to the foot.

Days grew into weeks, and yet Mabel was unable to put her foot to the floor. One day Joe came in suddenly, and found Mabel with her hands drawn tightly over her face, shuddering from head to foot, as if with an ague. Acutely she was suffering, she did not weep. Without stopping for thought, he knelt by her side, and softly inquired if he could do anything for her.

"You have done too much already, Joe. Twice have you saved my life. How can I ever repay you?"

"Do not say anything about that, dear Miss Mabel."

"And then all the long weeks of kindest care from your dear mother and yourself. I do not know how to show my exceeding gratitude to you."

"Shall I tell you?" and he breathed hard.

"Yes," and she looked eagerly in his face.

"By staying with us always."

"O, that would be impossible, Joe. Doctor Stanly has just told me that I may never use my foot again, and only think what a burden I should be. It is that which troubles me, to think what will become of me in the long future, and so helpless; but I cannot task your kindness any more."

"Do not say that, Mabel; it would be no task to care for you all your lifetime. Do, Mabel, say you will stay."

"I cannot. You do not know what you ask."

"Do not I know that I would spend my strength, my life for you? O, Mabel, I would work so for you, I would uphold your weak steps, I would keep you from every sorrow."

"What do you mean, Joe?"

"I mean, be my wife. I know I am poor, and rough, but I have a heart, and thrice I have held your insensible form close to its firm beatings, and for days and weeks afterward I have felt stronger to battle with the world. If I could once more hold you there in all your loveliness, helplessness and sorrow, I should be so happy. I would shield you from trouble and try to make you happy again, if you would only let me, but I have nothing to give you save my warm, beating heart."

"Poor Joe! I have no heart to give you," and she hid her face in her thin hands and shuddered again.

"It distresses me to see you so troubled, Mabel. Only trust me—lean on me—let me serve you. I will not ask you to love me. I know I am rough, uncouth, and ignorant—"

"Hush! you shall not talk so about yourself, for you are kind, and good, and brave; but, Joe, I have no heart for you. Do you know what a sacred thing marriage is? Do you know it is giving up your whole life to one being?"

"If you would only let me give up my life to you, Mabel."

"But there must be a giving up on both sides for happiness. While one relinquishes every other earthly joy, the other should not be clinging to the shadows of the past. There must be a constant watchful

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 28, 1863.

THE STATE OF GREECE

In this country we are so much engrossed with our own troubles at home, that we have but little inclination to think or meddle with the political affairs of the countries of Europe. Indeed if they would only let us alone, we should be glad to let them alone also. But they will not. English workingmen at Manchester have hearts and will speak sympathisingly and certain. English traders who have not hearts will build skips like the Alabama, and pay for them and fit them out to act the pirate on our commerce. And aristocratic sympathisers will strive to make political capital in favor of aristocracy out of our misfortunes. France especially has taken advantage of our condition to declare in company with some other nations, an end to our Monroe doctrine of aversion to colonization of any part of the North American continent by a European power, and to any other form of government than a Republic.

In the meantime the most ancient spot of European civilization and republican liberty has of itself unanimously and without any party feeling, or the loss of a single drop of blood, dismissed one King and elected another, who has declined the throne, and now matters stand in about this position: The Greeks say "if these Powers will not let us have the foreign king we choose, we will take care of ourselves. The principle of non-intervention requires that they should let us alone. That is all we ask. We want no Russian Duke or German Prince. We will take care of ourselves."

This they have done so far very adroitly. They seem only to have been divided at all between two plans, some voted for a Republic, but the rest and a great majority voted for Prince Alfred, the second son of Queen Victoria. The name of a Republic would just now have led to European interference. By choosing Prince Alfred, they hoped to gain English support, the Ionian Islands, and a Sovereign in name who would let the country govern itself, as his mother has done in England, and as he would be obliged to do for some years to come, at least until he has grown and become acquainted with the modern Greek language, and the customs and men of an unknown land. The move was admirable, and has secured them the Ionian Islands, while the Prince has, through Lord Palmerston, declined the crown nominally, because England did not wish to part with the second heir to the crown; but really because of the jealousies of other nations of Europe, who would look upon it as an extension of English influence in Europe, and a stepping-stone to the acquisition of Constantinople, and the breaking up or rather down of the Turkish Empire. "Uneasy sleeps the head that wears a crown."

In a letter just published in the Independent, Rev. Gilbert Haven says, that he witnessed the election, which was most peaceful and intelligent, by the whole people; every one over twenty-one years of age being allowed to vote. "More intelligent people," he says, "cannot be found in Europe. Their passion for study, far surpasses any other people." One Greek gentleman said to him, "If they will not let Alfred come now, we will lock up the Palace one, two or ten years, until he accepts."

The fact is that the Greeks dread Russian influence as destroying their liberty for the sake of extending an empire towards Constantinople, and Austria for the imbecility and arbitrary principles of its princes. The plan they have hit upon, if they will only stick to it, is the one most certain to give them permanent liberty. Let them lock up that palace for ten years, and perhaps they will have discovered the art of saving the expense of keeping it open *ever after*. That would be the best way of drifting into republicanism without knowing it, and without Europe being really able to interfere, with the slightest just pretext.

The great difficulty of all modern government is to find an executive sufficiently forbearing of the use of power to let a country govern itself, and put down all mobs and rebellions on the one hand and yet keep all minority cliques from ruling, through executive influence, over the will of the whole people. Queen Victoria has done her duty faithfully in this respect. But such a form of government is very costly, and, if the Greeks can find men only as moderate as Liberia has found, there is no reason why she should be saddled with the expence of a foreign prince, just to dismiss one set of ministers when they lose the majority of the Parliament and select another.

Nor is there any reason why we should not as a nation, congratulate Greece on what she has done, and express our interest and sympathy in her future welfare. All the ideas of liberty first arose in the world's history in Greece, and its literature has been its main stay ever since. Our republic owes to Greece a debt never to be repaid. Byron felt this as a poet and Webster as a statesman. Our missionaries have felt it, and have educated their sons and daughters to aspire to the restoration of their former republican freedom. Dr. Wayland's Moral Science was a few years since translated into modern Greek, and taught in college there by an American missionary. The Independent proposes that Dr. M. B. Anderson, the president of the Rochester University, who is about visiting Europe, should be authorized by the Government to present our congratulations to the Greeks as a nation. It is a bad rule that will not work both ways. If European nations aim to foster monarchical institutions on this side of the Atlantic, there is no reason why we should not peacefully congratulate a nation on becoming free on that side.

DISMISSAL OF MAJ. GEN. PORTER.

The decision of the court martial, cashiering General Fitz John Porter, and its approval by the President, create surprise and regret wherever it is mentioned. The National Intelligencer, announcing the fact, says:

"It is our purpose only to announce to our readers this melancholy news, not to comment on it; but we may be permitted to express our sorrow at seeing the career of so noble and gallant a soldier suddenly and overwhelmingly cut off, and all his high hopes and aspirations in an instant crushed."

The long services of General Porter, and his well-known and approved courage in so many battle-fields, will always command the respect and admiration of his countrymen. At the time the court martial decided he was not fit for the command which he had held so honorably to himself, some citizens of Boston were preparing to present him with an elegant sword as a testimonial of their admiration for his soldierly qualities and the services he has undoubtedly rendered his country. The public judgment and that of the court are widely asunder. The following is a paragraph from the Boston Courier:

SWORD FOR GEN. FITZ JOHN PORTER.—We have had the satisfaction of inspecting a truly splendid sword which is intended for a gift to Major General Fitz John Porter, by one of our citizens, who justly estimates the high qualities of that admirable officer.

The sword is a straight one, the blade being richly and appropriately engraved. The cross piece represents an eagle with outspread wings hovering over and protecting the shield of the Union. The hilt, heavily wrought and handsome workmanship, and is connected with the cross-piece by a rich chain. The scabbard is finely gilt, has a chased ornamentation of a peculiar fitness, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented by a citizen of Boston, to Major-General Fitz John Porter, for his distinguished service in behalf of his country."

A DISGRACEFUL SURRENDER.

A correspondent of the Cincinn Commercial, writing from Nashville, in reference to the rebel attack on the steamers and gunboat at Harpeth Shoals, gives the following account of the cowardly conduct of Lieut. Van Dorn, of the 1st Ohio, in charge of the gunboat Major Sidell. The steamers containing wounded soldiers had been fired into and compelled to draw up near the bank, where they were overhauled and robbed of everything they contained.

While engaged in rifling her and piling up combustibles on different parts of the boat to make her burn rapidly, the gunboat Sidell hove in sight. Her appearance was a signal of joy to our men and of alarm to the rebels, who immediately mounted their horses, ready to run. We hailed Van Dorn, and told him to anchor in the middle of the stream, and not come between our boat and the range of the guerrillas' cannon. To our utter astonishment, instead of getting ready to cover himself with glory in the saving of so much property and several lives, he simply fired his revolver, and then *ignominiously and cowardly* waved his white handkerchief in token of surrender. The rebels had fired several volleys at him, and did no harm, save the wounding of one of Van Dorn's gunners. He then ordered one of his own men to strike the colors, which he obeyed. They then crossed over to the rebel side, who, with tremendous yells, took possession of her.

The only cure for such poltroonery as this is to court martial and shoot the officer.

FALSE EXPECTATIONS.—The rebels seem to derive as much encouragement from a divided North, as they formerly had in the hopes of European intervention. One of the journals of Richmond commenting on these signs, thinks they are such evidence of political dissolution and of social disturbance in the Northern States, as will assuredly work for their good, and eventually bring an end to the war, and a separation of the two sections. The rebels must not attach too much importance to these signs. The people of the North are dissatisfied with the way in which the war has hitherto been prosecuted; but they are by no means disposed to abandon their Government to destruction. If they see the war intelligently conducted with results equal to the large means employed, they will just as earnestly defend the integrity of the Government, as in the first instance. Everything depends upon the wisdom and vigor with which the Administration shall act during the present campaign.

THEIR WANTS AND DESTINY.

According to the census report, the number of slaves "ordered and declared" to be free by the recent proclamation of the President are—Alabama, 435,080; Arkansas, 111,115; Florida, 61,745; Georgia, 462,198; Mississippi, 436,631; North Carolina, 331,059; South Carolina, 402,406; Texas, 182,556; Louisiana, in thirty-five parishes, 243,914; and Virginia in ninety-three counties, 451,633—making a total of 3,108,197. How this edict will be carried out, it is impossible to predict. The progress of the army, the visits of our gunboats by the navigable waters of the Southern country, and the arming, and service of the able-bodied men of this class, must be attended with vast results, especially if its execution be carried out with honesty of purpose. The query is an important one—what is to be done with the freed people of color? Our credit and our interest, as well as the imperative demands of this dark mass of humanity, render it necessary that some well contrived and efficient measure should be set on foot to avert suffering and to lead to happy effects.

Some two hundred thousand refugees are believed to be now waiting for the privileges which liberty confers. Much destitution and suffering exists among them. The Star of Washington city reports that "the contraband camp has become so crowded of late that tents had been erected outside of the enclosure for the new guests, and that there are now two hundred and thirty-five cases of small-pox in the hospital for contrabands, a short distance north of the camp." A letter from Cairo, Ill. states that "more than two thousand of these wretched beings are here."

"They are crowded into a few dirty barracks located in a mud-hole, in the back part of the city, near the Mississippi levee, where they live more like brutes than human beings, and where they cannot well live otherwise than they do. Of course they sicken and die, often at the rate of a dozen a day. Cold pinches them, disease kills them, and rats sometimes eat them; for Cairo rats have no prejudices against color. These contrabands are filthy, indolent, and generally, though not always, *black*. Clothed in rags, and without changes even of these, they cannot keep themselves clean, if they would; many of them would not, if they could. That they are indolent, is to be expected of persons emerging, without previous preparation, from slavery to freedom; who have never been practically taught the great lesson of self reliance, and who are too apt to think that freedom means freedom from labor. What is to be done with these persons? What is to become of them, and of other thousands similarly situated?"

If the war is continued, and the influx progresses and expands, what is to become of these aspirants for liberty? The Federal authorities sought to obtain territory in Central America, on which to settle such as would emigrate, but more than one official remonstrance has been received in opposition. Indeed, one of these States has proceeded so far as formal legislation against the reception of this population. Great Britain refused to permit their transfer to its West India colonies, lest it "might be the means of entangling them in some way or other with the difficulties in the United States." An effort is now making to induce benevolent associations to procure homes and employment for them. This plan, we judge, will meet with as signal failure as that looking to their foreign colonization. Petitions, numerously signed, have been presented to the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, invoking the passage of a law "forbinding the entrance of negroes and mulattoes." Two army officers in Illinois have been indicted for bringing blacks into that State, each having brought home a servant. The penalty is a fine of $100 to $500, and imprisonment in the county jail for not more than one year. The workmen in the slaughter and packing houses of South Chicago held a meeting the other day, and resolved to "pledge themselves not to work for any packer, under any circumstances, who will, in any manner, bring negro labor into competition with our labor."

Meetings in other localities have avowed opposition to the introduction of emancipated slaves. Indeed, the States which might readily receive them, affording them protection, shelter and employment, are so completely under the influence of color prejudice as to repel them. Florida has been mentioned for colonizing the enfranchised blacks; but would not their lodgment be at best temporary, or might not an attempt be made to re-enslave them? If the resident whites cannot be made loyal, is it likely that the negroes which might be planted there could be advantageously governed and fully protected, even at a heavy outlay of life and treasure? And their settlement at present effected, would they not be elbowed out just as soon as white emigration from our own country and from abroad sets in that direction?

It is desirable and important that some provision should be made for this helpless and dependent class, so as to render its present trials ultimately beneficial. Liberia, where the brightest prospects are open to them, should be looked to as their destination. It is the only permanent home and nationality of the colored population. Its citizens and authorities have expressed their readiness to accord to such of their brethren as may seek that boundless domain perpetual exemption from slavery, free toleration of religious privileges, full rights of citizenship, and the enjoyment of the rich blessings which they possess in their well-governed republic. Let these freed ones be helped thither, provided with implements to cultivate coffee, cotton, sugar, tobacco and other productions, and thus permanently benefit themselves and amply repay us by the enlargement of our commerce and wealth.

THE COLONIZATIOF SOCIETY.

There never was a time when the Colonization Society stood so high in public estimation as it does at the present season of its anniversary. It has managed to keep itself entirely clear of all party strifes, and while loyal to the Government of the United States and philanthropic to the colored race to the highest possible degree, its discreet method of showing that regard, though it has occasioned for it some misconception formerly, has raised it higher and higher every year in the eyes of all discerning men. It originated in the most sincere and hearty desire to do good to the colored race, and it has effected more that is encouraging in the present and hopeful for the future than any other scheme that we have seen or can yet see.

The power of self-government has been developed among these colonists to a degree and with a success which is truly astonishing. Their sense of superiority to the native Africans around them has led them justly to appreciate and look up to the Christian civilization of the United States, and to imitate all the best features of our institutions of their own free choice. Instead of being the tail of society, dragging out an existence in which the superiority of the white race in knowledge, wealth and culture must have kept them hopelessly inferior, they now find every motive and means for cultivation in the fact that they are the head and not the tail, and have to set an example to the natives around and teach them Christianity and civilization. Agriculture, commerce, education, religion, the just and legitimate authority of civil self-government without tyranny and oppression, these things are all found advancing among them more rapidly than in Sierra Leone, a British colony planted long before—more rapidly, perhaps, than in almost any other colony planted only so short a time, and nourished only by such slender support.

At the present moment, there can be no comparison, we suppose, between the prospects for the colored man, who emigrates to Liberia, and to any other place that has been proposed. In Hayti, they are all in danger of being subjugated at any moment by French or Spanish ships of war. They are placed in the midst of a people of their own race, but of the most idle and worthless description, speaking another tongue, and where, instead of being looked upon as superiors in industry and knowledge, they will be treated as strangers and foreigners, while their children will be almost certain to be corrupted instead of elevated.

The climate and distance used to be the chief and just sources of dread against Liberia. But such are the results of experience and science that with proper precautions nothing is to be feared from that source now. On the high table lands a few miles back from the coast, emigrants go through the acclimating fever in so mild a manner that probably far less is to be feared from it now than in going to Hayti, or even Central America, or any other climate adapted to the colored race. Steamships have also so abridged the duration of the voyage, and made the passage so smooth and pleasant for those who can manage thus to get across, that it is almost as if a bridge had been thrown over the Atlantic. The language, too, and customs, are so thoroughly American that the colored man hardly realizes his change of country, only his change of position.

If ever there was a scheme of philanthropy calculated to do good to the colored race at the present juncture, this is it. The wisdom of encouraging so many able-bodied laborers to leave our own shores might justly be questioned, viewed simply from the point of our own interest. Great Britain is eager to obtain them for her interests. But so far as the good of these individuals and their children is concerned, and for the future benefit of the whole continent of Africa, nothing can be conceived more promising. If some of our merchants would present either the Liberian Government or the Colonization Society with a packet steamer to ply between this city and Monrovia regularly and rapidly, we believe it would soon amply pay expenses and develope a trade of the highest value to this city, while, by carrying emigrants, it would enrich Africa.

ANOTHER ASSAULT ON VICKSBURG MEDITATED.—Another movement against Vicksburg is now meditated. Gen. Grant is to command and a part of the troops have already left Memphis. The attack was to be principally by land, and it is expected that there will be a co-operation by Banks, and probably the fleet of gunboats which accompany his force. Banks has, however, to remove the obstructions at Port Hudson before he can be confidently counted upon for assistance in the new movement.

CONGRESSIONAL.

U. S. SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Tuesday*, January 20, 1863, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a bill to pay the French spoliation claims. The bill provides that these claims are to be adjusted to an amount not exceeding five millions of dollars, and to be paid *pro rata* in United States five per cent. stock. The Naval Committee reported back the bill to authorize letters of marque and reprisal, with amendments, and notice was given that it would be called up at an early day. A bill for the prompt and uniform administration of military justice and the better government of the military forces was introduced. The bill placing Michigan and Ohio in the Seventh Judicial district was passed. The bill authorizing treaties with certain Indian tribes was also passed. The remainder of the session was occupied in discussing the bill reorganizing the Court of Claims, no quorum being present.

On Wednesday, the credentials of Mr. Sumner, re-elected from Massachusetts, and Mr. Wall, just elected from New Jersey for an unexpired term, were presented. After some business of no particular importance, the bill for the reorganization of the Court of Claims was taken up. The motion to lay it on the table was rejected. Mr. Grimes' substitute repealing the original act establishing the Court was also rejected. A long debate took place on the merits of the bill under consideration, in the course of which the subject of the payment of the soldiers was touched upon—Mr. Wilson, of Massachuchetts, contending that Congress was in no way responsible for the failure to pay them. The Court of Claims bill was finally passed, with the provision for two additional Judges stricken out. A resolution, offered by Mr. Hale, declaring that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Commodore Van Brunt, and Charles A. Haswell, who fitted out the transports for the Banks Expedition, are guilty of negligence in the duty assigned them, and that the commission extorted by F. J. Southard was a violation of agreement, and should be refunded, was laid over, and the Senate adjourned.

On *Thursday*, the credentials of Hon. David Turpie, elected Senator from Indiana, were presented. A petition for the relief of the widow of Thos. Gregg, the original inventor of iron-clad vessels, was also presented. A joint resolution was offered directing the Secretary of the Navy not to accept a title to League Island until Congress shall so direct. A motion to refer the subject to the Naval Committee was rejected, by a vote of 12 against 25. Petitions from the daughters and sisters of Commodore Renshaw and Commander Wainwright respectively, both of whom were killed at Galveston, asking for pensions, were presented and referred. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of publishing monthly the names of all officers of the army who are absent on leave was adopted. The bill amendatory of the act establishing the grade of line officers of the navy was called up and discussed, but no action taken. The subject of annuities, treaties with the Sioux Indians and affording relief to the sufferers by the Indian outrages in Minnesota was debated and laid aside till to-day. The bill reimbursing Minnesota for Indian war expenses was passed. The bill to provide greater comfort for sick and wounded soldiers and promote the efficiency of the medical department was then taken up. In the course of the debate Mr. Rice said that, "although a member of the Military Committee, he had been able to get no accurate information from any department of the government as to the number of men in the army or in the hospitals. They sent here estimates for one million two hundred thousand men, and some of them for one million five hundred thousand men, but none of them could tell within fifty per cent. what the real number was. They were always asking for an increase of rank and pay. The cry was for money, money, money, and none of them could tell what for. There seemed to be no order in the departments at all." After an Executive session, the Senate adjourned.

On *Friday*, Messrs. Foot, of Vermont, and Grimes, of Iowa, asked to be released from service on the Naval Committee, in consequence of having so much of their time taken up with other matters. The request of Mr. Foot was granted; but Mr. Grimes was retained on the committee. The Vice President filled vacancies in the standing committees as follows:—Senator Hicks, of Maryland, was placed on the Foreign Relations Committee; Senator Arnold, of Rhode Island, on the Naval Committee; and Senator Turpie, of Indiana, on the Public Lands and Claims Committee; Petitions in favor of a general bankrupt act were presented. The bill to provide for printing the annual report of the banks of the United States was passed. A bill to provide for taking evidence in cases of certain claims against the Government was introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee. A resolution was adopted instructing the Military Committee to inquire into the condition and treatment of the soldiers in the Convalescent Camp at Alexandria, Virginia. Resolutions were also adopted inquiring of the Secretary of War whether more major and brigadier generals have been appointed than authorized by law, and requesting information of the Secretary of the Treasury as to the amount of revenue, if any, that has accrued to the Government from the duty on printing paper under the act of March 3, 1861, and whether, in his opinion, the reduction of the duty would not increase the revenue. A resolution was introduced, and laid over, instructing the Military Committee to inquire whether any plans which General Burnside may have formed since the battle of Fredericksburg have been interfered with by subordinate generals, and if so, by what authority. The joint resolution for the relief of the present owners of the drafts drawn by Majors, Russell and Waddell, and accepted by John B. Floyd, was called up and discussed, but no final disposition was made of it. The Secretary of War sent in a list of the major and brigadier generals in the service, which was ordered to be printed. The President sent in two communications, both of which were ordered to be printed—one covering the correspondence in reference to the exportation of arms to Mexico, and the other relative to street railroads in the City of Washington. The bill to promote the efficiency of the Medical Department of the Army was taken up, discussed, amended and passed. The bill for increasing the working force in the Quartermaster General's office was taken up and a discussion of its merits entered upon, without concluding which the Senate adjourned.

On *Saturday*, the resolution directing the Secretary of the Navy not to accept the title to League Island unill authorized to do so by Congress was adopted. A bill was introduced to fix the gauge of the Pacific Railroad and its branches. The Senate then adjourned.

U. S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On *Tuesday*, Jan. 20, the President's special message recommending a tax on the paper issues of State banks, &c., was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, and ordered to be printed. The select committee on the subject of a postal and military road between New York and Washington were authorized to send for persons and papers, and examine witnesses under oath, in order to ascertain the cost and probable receipts of the proposed road. The Secretary of the Navy was requested to inform the House what action, if any, should be taken relative to the appointment of midshipmen, as suggested by him in his annual report. A resolution was adopted that the Secretary of the Navy communicate any information in his possession to show that American vessels, cleared for any foreign ports, have engaged in the coolie slave trade, or submit suggestions to prevent it as he may deem proper. The Judiciary Committee submitted resolutions explanatory of the Tax law, that the salaries of the President, Vice President and Judges of the Supreme Court and inferior courts of the United States be exempted from tax. The resolution declaring Mr. Vandever, of Iowa, not entitled to a seat in the House since he joined the army as Colonel of the Ninth Iowa regiment, in 1861, was discussed, and finally adopted by a majority vote. The question was raised that the resolution was one of expulsion, and consequently required a two-thirds vote. The Speaker overruled the point, and an appeal from the decision was made. Pending the question, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Finance bill. Mr. Spaulding, on behalf of the Committee of Ways and Means, proposed amendments to the first section, which were agreed to, viz: To authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow from time to time on the credit of the United States a sum not exceeding $300,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and $600,000,000 for the next fiscal year, and to issue therefor coupon or registered bonds, payable at the pleasure of the government after twenty years from date, and such denominations (though not less than fifty dollars) as the Secretary may deem expedient, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin. Mr. Thomas offered an amendment, which was agreed to, making the coupon or registered bonds payable at the pleasure of the government after twenty years from date in coin. Mr. Spaulding moved to strike out the restriction of the sale of bonds at not less than par, so that the Secretary may in his discretion dispose of them at any time upon the best terms he can obtain. Pending the consideration of this amendment the committee rose and the House adjourned.

On *Wednesday*, the matter of Mr. Vandever, of Iowa, was again under consideration. The appeal of Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, against the decision by the Chair, made on Tuesday, was laid on the table. The vote by which the Election Committee's resolution was passed was then reconsidered, and the whole question was again thrown open for debate. It was finally agreed to postpone the resolution until the 3d of March next. The Senate's amendments to the Military Academy bill were concurred in. The House spent the rest of the session in Committee of the Whole, the debate being general.

On *Thursday*, a bill providing for a Deputy Register of the Treasury, at $3,500 per annum, and extending for two years the terms of office of Assistant Secretaries of War was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill providing ways and means for the support of the government. A number of important amendments were adopted.

On *Friday*, immediately after assembling, went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the government. The section of the Ways and Means Committee's bill taxing banks was discussed at considerable length, and afterwards Mr. Hooper's substitute bill, which was drawn up mainly in accordance with the views of Mr. Secretary Chase, was taken up, discussed, and rejected by 31 yeas to 79 nays. During the discussion of the bill of the Ways and Means Committee, a long discussion on the negro question was indulged in, growing out of an amendment which was offered, but rejected, to the effect that none of the money raised by the bill should be used for the purpose of emancipating or arming slaves. The bill of Mr. Stevens was afterwards taken up and considered, when the committee rose, and the House adjourned to Monday.

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

In the *State Senate*, on TUESDAY, Jan 20, a bill was reported from the committee to fill vacancies in the Councils of Philadelphia. A resolution to inquire as to what time the volunteers and drafted militia have been paid, was adopted. In the *House*, a resolution to rescind the law requiring payment of interest on the State debt in specie or its equivalent, was offered and referred. A committee was, on motion, appointed to inquire into the facts attending the recent election of U. S. Senator. Adjourned.

In the *Senate*, on WEDNESDAY, a bill was introduced to repeal the charter of the Navy Yard, Broad street, and Fairmount Passenger Railway Company. The bill to incorporate the Corn Exchange Association of Philadelphia was called up, and passed finally. The bill for the extension of Bedford street in the city of Philadelphia was called up, and passed to third reading, and postponed. In the *House*, an act to pay commissioners for opening of Green street was, on motion, considered, and passed finally. An act for the opening of Jackson street, Second ward, was also considered and passed. A report was received from the Auditor General in reference to a loan for arming the State. The report sets forth that all the bonds, to the amount of $3,000,000, were subscribed for and taken at par. None have yet been redeemed.

In the *Senate*, on THURSDAY, the bill to regulate public amusements in Philadelphia was reported from the Judiciary Committee. Bills were introduced offering amendments to the Constitution and extending the right of suffrage to persons in the service of their country; to incorporate the Butchers and Farmers' Market Company of this city, and to extend Drum street. Adjourned until Monday afternoon. In the *House*, the bill to incorporate the Corn Exchange Association of Philadelphia was taken up from the Senate docket, considered, and passed. A petition from the Philadelphia City Institute, asking to be relieved from taxation, was presented. A resolution, directing the Governor to demand of the Secretary of War that the sick and wounded Pennsylvania soldiers be sent home for treatment, was passed unanimously. A supplement to the act incorporating the Fire Insurance Company of the county of Philadelphia was offered, and the House adjourned till Monday.

LATER FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

NEWS UP TO FRIDAY MORNING.

THE ARMY PREPARING TO RETURN.

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, BANKS' FORD, RAPPAHANNOCK, Friday morning, Jan 23d.

At nine o'clock, on Tuesday night, just after the bugle had sounded for "out lights," a terrible storm burst upon our heads. It was a northeaster—rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew a whole gale. It was impossible to keep up fires; we lay all night in the mire, and broke up for a march Wednesday morning at early daylight.

The mire was terrible. It was still raining and storming; the northeast gale did not, in fact, break up till Friday morning. At every turn or rise in the road, a wagon or caisson was seen sticky fast, and horses and mules were down in the mire and unable to rise. The roads, which had been hard and good but a little while before, were a sticky slop. In every gully, batterise, caissons, supply wagons, ambulances and pontoons were mired. Horses and mules sunk up to their bellies in the mud; soldiers on the march floundered about, sinking to the knees at almost every step. It was impossible to draw an empty wagon through this mud. The whole army was stuck fast.

When I got within about two miles of the river I came upon a scene of confusion worse than I had seen before. In a deep gully, and on the hill side, where the road ascended, were stuck fast in the mire more than a dozen caissons, guns, ammunition and forage wagons, and one of the great head-quarter wagons. Teamsters were cursing and cracking their whips, horses and mules were floundering in the mire, strings of soldiers were dragging at long ropes fastened to each side of the wagons, to help them forward; and I fancied that the whole, men, wagons, guns, mules, soldiers and all, was gradually disappearing from sight in the road.

Slocum, Stoneman, Griffin, Sykes, Humphreys, Franklin, Burnside, were all in the front; all doing their best to get the wagons through, and all covered with mud. All day long it was one continued struggle with the mud—an enemy worse than the rebels. Wednesday night the tired troops lay down in their blankets.

It rained all night. Next morning (Thursday) it was determined to concentrate the pontoons at Bank's Ford. Near this ford the river banks are high, and form a table land or ridge, up to which the guns and pontoons were dragged all next day, by the united labor of men and horses. There the ground was somewhat more firm.

But it was now seen that the approaches out to the river were impracticable. The mud in these freshly cut roads was too deep. The fords were not attainable. The river was not much swollen; but horses, wagons and guns could not be taken down to the river.

However, the roads were pretty well cleared of wagons and other impediments on Thursday, everything being dragged up to the higher ground, and on that night the camp fires in the woods near by and all around. Here the sturdy woodsmen went in with their axes, and generally made a clearing; their huge fires began to shine out, and something like comfort began to prevail in this ocean of mud. Rebel camp fires were visible during the night on the other side of the river.

The work of moving the pontoons had been stopped, and they rested on a high bluff, a hundred rods back from the river. Thursday it began to be rumored that we were to return and give up the attempt. On that night Generals Burnside and Hooker returned, and the cavalry and light artillery was ordered back.

This (Friday) morning General Sumner's grand division, which had been holding itself ready to march during the whole time, received orders to unpack and again encamp. They had not left their camp grounds, but still remained in front of Fredericksburg.

THE RETURN TO CAMP.

This morning the stragglers are gathering up and the stray batteries and wagons are filing in, while brigade after brigade is preparing for the return. As I quit camp, all is busy. Before this can be published the major portion of the army will again be in camp before Fredericksburg.

Another correspondent has the following, showing the spirit of the army:

REVIEW OF COUCH'S CORPS—THE BOYS WON'T CHEER BURNSIDE.

On Saturday last a review of Couch's Second Army Corps, comprising Hancock's, French's and Howard's divisions, took place on a large field back of Falmouth. General Burnside was the reviewing officer. After keeping the troops waiting a considerable time, General Burnside and staff, accompanied by General Sumner, made their appearance. There was but one band of music in the whole corps, and this was attached to a brigade in French's division. The other brigades had drum and fife corps, and "Hail to the Chief" was played successively by each, as General Burnside rode down the lines between the brigades. There was no enthusiasm, and only a few feeble cheers were given the General from Hancock's and French's divisions.

Burnside was mounted on a fine chesnut-sorrel horse, of splendid action, which set off the commander to great advantage. He wore a heavy dark blue overcoat, with gilt buttons, but no shoulder straps or anything else to indicate his rank. A large army felt hat, with the crown mashed in, and a crease formed at the top, and the rim turned down all round until it almost covered his whiskers, prevented any attempt at recognizing features except when he raised the aforesaid "file" to acknowledge a military salute from some of the brigades, when presto! what a change was there, for then we could see a head, bald though it be, which shows its owner to be a fine-looking man. But his boots were the chief attraction. He sported a pair of English top boots, the yellow flaps of which came down nearly to his ancles, giving to his whole appearance the air of "a fine old English gentleman." He is well developed physically, and looks none the worse for anything that may have been said of him since the Fredericksburg battle.

After passing through General Howard's division, he tarried a few minutes in conversation with that General, and then, accompanied by General Sumner, started off towards his head quarters. Gen. Heward, feeling unwilling to let the commanding General depart without some show of enthusiasm, rode a short distance to the right of his brigades, and between two of them, and taking off his hat, proposed "Three cheers for General Burnside! —one—two—three!"—*But not a man opened his mouth*—not a cheer was given—and Gen. Burnside, who was within hearing at the time, rode off.

Burnside, I am told, laughed heartily at the joke afterwards in conversation with a brother General officer, to whom he said he did not expect the troops to cheer him, as he had only been a short time in command of them, and that if they remained under his command long enough, they would know him and like him better. I hope it may turn out so.

COTTON CARDS are now made in the Georgia State prison at the rate of thirty per day, and sell for $6 a pair.

Another Intercepted Letter.

I. Q. WASHINGTON TO MR. MASON—HOW ROSECRANS' VICTORY AT CORINTH STRUCK REBELDOM.

Although the following letter, found amongst the Saunders' budget, was written at Richmond as long ago as the 29th of October last, its speculations are quite interesting, and we hasten to give Mr. Mason the benefit of them:

RICHMOND, VA., October 29, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:—I avail myself of the occasion of sending despatches to add a few lines.

The campaign seems almost to have closed. Bragg's sloth and want of heart, and Van Dorn's folly, have lost us the results we hoped for. Bragg has given up Kentucky, with a fine army of 70,000 men, and we have nothing to show but the victory in the partial battle of Perryville. Bragg did not concentrate his troops; he seemed to have no plans; and, in the opinion of all, or nearly all, has thrown away the summer and the finest chances for fame. Still, we have a good army intact in East Tennessee, and more of Tennessee than we held at the start.

After Van Dorn's repulse at Corinth, matters have relapsed into inactivity in the country west of the Tennessee river. And this quiescence seems to be followed west of the Mississippi.

So, too, on the Potomac. Lee has awaited McClellan's advance, but the latter shows no readiness for a "forward movement," although the Northern press (both friendly and hostile to him) clamor for him to go over the Potomac and attack Lee. The latter will wait awhile longer for his adversary, but if he does not come, will, I conjecture, fall back to a point nearer Richmond and more convenient to supplies. Thus land movements seem to pause. What, then, is to be looked for?

First. The Yankees are getting ready naval expeditions. They are conjectured to be for Charleston, Mobile and Savannah. I regard it as quite possible that the first two may fail—the latter is hardly possible. But the fall of all would have no appreciable effect upon the war. They would cut off a few supplies, but at the most would be simply a demonstration of what is now pretty well demonstrated, viz: that steam iron-clads can run by a fort where it is impossible, from the nature of the case, to plant obstructions.

Any schemes of attack upon these places are felt by the Yankees to be a small matter compared with the taking of Richmond. Richmond is, in the opinion of the best judges, impregnable to naval attack. A land expedition is the only thing that promises anything. I do not think McClellan would like to undertake it before Spring, but public opinion may force him to do it some time in the winter. He may (admit for argument's sake) bring more formidable army than he did before. *Per contra*, a much larger force can be arrayed for defence than we had before, with stronger fortifications, more complete preparations and the advantages of experience.

You may be assured that the war would languish the whole fall and winter ahead but for the fear of European recognition in such case. If recognition should come before the sailing of their expedition for Richmond (I regard an overland march as out of the question), it is highly probable that the sailing would be given up as a useless expenditure of money and blood.

The Northern mind is undoubtedly changing. The rapid and large depreciation of their currency has startled the business men and set them to thinking. Thinking is fatal to foolish wars. So, too, the fierce divisions of parties, the triumph of the Democrats, and the frantic excesses of the Republicans, all put the North in that exact temper when European recognition would be hailed by a large class—perhaps a majority—as a solution of a difficult problem. Recognition before January 1st, 1863, would, I have little doubt, give us peace before spring.

Would it not be well for some of our writers to indite articles showing the insignificant ratio cities in the Confederate States bear to the country at large? New Orleans has 140,000; Mobile, say 15,000; Savannah, 25,000; Charleston, 35,000; Nashville, 20,000; Richmond, 45,000; Wilmington, 10,000; Petersburg, 15,000; Norfolk and Portsmouth, 25,000—total, 350,000. Our population is eleven or twelve millions. Suppose all our cities were lost, what would it amount to? It is different in Europe and at the North. London has one-sixth of the English population. Paris has not so many; but to win Paris is equal to win France. It is hard for Europe to understand that we are a people of farmers, who have had nearly all their manufacturing and commerce done for them by factors and agents. The distinction is important. Mr. Adams says we have lost our principal city. That city numbered 500,000 or 600,000 people. There would be some in his argument. I think this view important to be pressed. Please speak of it to Mr. Hortze.

Yours, very truly, L. Q. WASHINGTON.

Hon. JAMES M. MASON, London.

Interesting from Mexico.

SUCCESSES OF THE MEXICANS—MISFORTUNES OF THE FRENCH.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—By the steamship Shelldrake we have Havana dates of the 16th inst.

The communication of the French army between Vera Cruz and Orizaba has been completely cut off by the guerrillas, and can only be re-established and kept up by the French posting strong guards all along the route. The Mexican guerrillas are in strong force along the road, and worry the French troops unceasingly.

It is reported that the French army has been again repulsed and driven back from before Puebla with great loss.

Gen. Berthier's vanguard, 4000 strong, was completely surprised by 800 Mexican cavalry, and about 300 of the French were killed and wounded. Several French officers were taken by the lasso and dragged off.

The prospects of the French look exceedingly bad. They can't get supplies from the country and they are surrounded by a determined enemy who await every opportunity to take advantage of them. A French soldier can stray from camp without being lassoed and dragged off by some Mexican guerrilla who is on the watch for him.

The small pox, in its most malignant form, has broken out among the French troops in Vera Cruz. A lazaretto is being built for this class of patients.

The sugar crop is beginning to make its appearance in the Havana market, and the crop promises to be a large one. The markets at Havana are glutted with Northern produce, and sales can only be made at ruinous prices.

Startling Disclosures.

Probable Arrest of a Gang of Robbers—A Year's Thieving Exposed at Last.

Quite an excitement has been created among the employees of the Hudson River Railroad lately on account of the arrest of some six or eight baggagemen, expressmen and brakesmen, for stealing and plundering the trunks of passengers on that road. We were informed yesterday that one of the oldest baggagemen on the road, together with one or two express agents and a brakesman, were on their arrival at Chambers street station, in New York, on Saturday or Sunday last, arrested on the charge of robbing the passengers of their trunks and other baggage. It is supposed that the game has been going on for a year, and when one of them was caught in the act, a short time since, he immediately communicated to the person who arrested him the names of his accomplices. No one knows positively the "modus operandi" of the thieves, but the police are on the scent, and it is supposed that the trunks and baggage thus stolen have been sent through the hands of accomplices off on the different roads running out of the city to New York, where they have been received by other members of the fraternity, and their ill-gotten contents distributed equally among them. We understand that different ones on the New York Central and New Jersey Railroads are suspected in the crime. Events are transpiring which will probably show that these villains pursued a regular system in robbing, and that the valuables thus stolen will amount to a large sum.

[From our own Reporter.]

Subsequently a young man, named Shear, who has been employed by his uncle, the news paper express agent, to throw off bundles of papers at the different stations, was, it is alleged, caught in the act of stealing a trunk, and was taken to the Twentieth Precinct Police Station, where, on Thursday, being allowed the run of the station house, he took off his coat as if to wash, and bidding the sergeant in command "good morning," skedaddled. It

...HANGED—...de Navy De...tors building ...els to make a ...n of their con... longer than the ...type, and to draw ...rever, they are to ...d will be of deeper ...ended. There are ... original plan to be ...ot expedient to print. ...or ward condition, and ...be launched in a few ...ood. They are 631 tons ...ly one turret, in which two ...ed. The names of this class

Name.	Condition.	Where building.
Manhattan,	In frame,	Jersey City.
Tecumseh,	Ribs up,	Jersey City.
Canonicus,	Keel laid,	Boston.
Catawba,	Building rapidly,	Cincinnati.
Manayunk,	Keel laid,	Booneville.
Tippecanoe,	Building rapidly.	Cincinnati.

Capt Ericsson furnishes the plans for these ships, the general details of whose construction will be the same as their predecessors. None of them, however, can be made available for any immediate hostilities.

NAVY YARD OPERATIONS.—The steamer De Soto, which has been under repair at the Philadelphia Navy Yard for several weeks, was hauled into the stream on Monday preparatory to sailing to join the blockading fleet. She has been thoroughly overhauled, and is now in a very serviceable condition. The De Soto has not been out of commission since her arrival, and she will take out most of the officers she brought here.

The prize steamer Caroline has been hauled to the Navy Yard, to undergo the necessary repairs before being used as a transport, which she is designed for.

The defective machinery of the sloop-of-war Juniata having been removed and other machinery substituted, the vessel is now ready to sail, and may leave at any moment.

A large force of carpenters is now engaged on the iron-clad Tonawanda, the frame of which is partially up. The difficulty in obtaining timber suitable for vessels of this kind is seen in the fact that the stem of the Tonawanda has not been secured, though several attempts have been made to that effect. It is said jocularly among the workmen that the tree which is to form the stem has not yet been planted. The necessities of the service compel the use of green timber, which is altogether unfit for wooden vessels much less for iron-clads. This is seen in the condition in which the double-ender steamer Gimerone returned to this port after being in commission about six months. If the present mild weather continues, the sectional dock is to be hauled out of the stone basin, to take up the Olmerone.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, January 28, 1863.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER,

PHILADELPHIA.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE

In Every Paper During the Entire Year!

The publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper," with a view of stimulating the friends of the paper to still further increase its circulation and the sphere of its usefulness, have determined to offer

$300 IN CASH PREMIUMS.

$100 for the largest Club, not less than 300 from any one Town.
75 for the next largest, not less than 250 from any one Town.
50 for the next largest, not less than 200 from any one Town.
40 for the next largest, not less than 150 from any one Town.
20 for the next largest, not less than 100 from any one Town.
10 for the next largest, not less than 75 from any one Town.
5 for the next largest, not less than 50 from any one Town.

No competitor to receive more than one premium for the same list of subscribers. This offer commences with the first of November, 1862, and will include all names, accompanied with the subscriptions, received between that date and the 1st day of March 1863.

The premiums above offered, in connection with the abatement in prices allowed in the terms of the paper to those who subscribe in clubs, it is believed will be found inducements sufficient to young men in various neighborhoods to exert themselves in behalf of the "Newspaper."

The direct fruits of a little effort, as here suggested, cannot fail to secure to those making it, not only satisfactory pecuniary rewards, but the consolation of knowing that they have engaged in a work of real advantage to such of their neighbors as they may have induced to become readers of a really instructive Family Newspaper.

News being now the great feature of the times, the publishers of the "Dollar Newspaper" will devote their best energies to command the most reliable intelligence from our armies, giving in each number all

THE WAR NEWS.

For a year or two past this heretofore peaceful and prosperous nation has been involved in the most gigantic and destructive war the world has ever known, and at present the probabilities are that the interest in it will continue for months to come, though the rebellion should be sooner overcome. In the meantime the "Newspaper" will closely note its most important events. By following the operations of the armies from day to day, succinctly presenting the whole from week to week, we shall furnish a fresh and running history of this lamentable rebellion.

THE STORY DEPARTMENT

is made up almost wholly with Original Stories, from the best authors that prompt and liberal payment can draw to its columns. The

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT,

each week, occupies some three or four of the long columns of the "Newspaper," and is a most interesting feature of the paper, being almost wholly original and comprising the usual variety for

The Farmer and Land Owner!
The Grazier and Breeder!
The Orchardist and Gardener!
The Dairyman and the Apiarian!

And for all interested in the pleasures of the fireside!

THE NEWS AND MARKET REPORTS

and all the late and important information may always be found in the columns of the "Dollar Newspaper." In this particular it stands unrivalled.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TERMS:

Payable Invariably in Advance.

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to getter up of Club	15 00
Club of Eighty, and one to getter up of Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to getter up of Club	75 00

No subscription for less than one year will be received. The "Newspaper" is always discontinued at the expiration of the time for which it is paid.

WM. M. SWAIN & CO.,
Publishers of the Dollar Newspaper,
S. W. corner of Third and Chesnut sts., Philada.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

☞ "Florence's" complaint of the non-receipt of the "Newspaper" has been attended to. If not received hereafter, let us know the fact.

☞ The story of 206 pages we could not possibly make room for just now. We have quite a number of long stories on hand, the authors of which are awaiting publication with some impatience.

☞ The very touching poetic effusion, "THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL," by S. J. C. W., we have filed for early publication.

"CONSISTENCY" and "O, SING AGAIN," by an "old time" contributor, we have filed for early publication.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

It did not make much progress in its late attempt to cross the Rappahannock. It is said the storm prevented it, and now the rebels knowing the plan of arrangement it will have to be changed. The manner in which the movement was begun and prosecuted, the orders given and countermanded, creates a doubt whether there was any real intention to cross the river, and that the whole thing was only a feint to keep the rebels from sending relief to North Carolina, Tennessee and Mississippi. It would be a hazardous step at any time to attempt to reach Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, but in the present condition of the army the perils would be largely increased, and another reverse would so demoralize the Army of the Potomac that its usefulness would be destroyed. From all accounts the army is not hopeful. The men are dissatisfied, and especially with their leaders, in whom they lack the confidence which troops from whom victory is expected ought to have. Gen. Burnside excites no enthusiasm, and a letter from the army says that even the orders of the commanders of brigades cannot arouse the cheers with which it is usual to greet the commanding general. If this be so, and the statement comes from too many different quarters to doubt it, we may find a more plausible reason for not crossing the Rappahannock than the storm. An army as large as that under Burnside ought, however, to do something more towards restoring the authority of the Government than lying idle for months on the Rappahannock. The causes for discontent ought to be removed, and the men placed under commanders that they have confidence in. If Richmond cannot be taken without too great a sacrifice, the men can be sent where their services would be more valuable—to strengthen Rosecrans or Grant. The rebels regard the Mississippi valley as of more consequence to retain than any other part of the "Confederacy," and they undoubtedly would be badly crippled if the Union troops should get full possession of it. Something should be done to make available the services of this the largest and most expensive army in the Government employment.

HOOPING COUGH.

At this season of the year hooping cough makes its appearance in large cities, and many people are at very great efforts to keep their children out of its reach. If one-half the pains were taken to carry them successfully and wisely through it, that there are to prevent the infection of it reaching them, it would no doubt be found that in the great majority of cases the hooping cough is the means of conferring an actual constitutional benefit, so that the child will come out of it stronger and better in health, and with more fully developed lungs than before it was attacked. Even as it is, the benefit to a family is on the average much greater than the danger. Not above one in twenty are supposed usually to die of this disease. It may, however, be doubted if one ever dies of the hooping cough, except by its producing some other secondary affection, not a necessary part of it, but to which there has been some constitutional tendency, or which is the result of carelessness or accident. In most of these cases fatal disease either would have ensued without, or might have been averted. The disease itself seems to produce no necessary effect upon the lungs at all traceable in dissection. The coughing may, and generally does produce more or less inflammation, and this in turn mucus, and all these things put together may in weakly children, or where the symptoms are neglected, produce a great number of ultimate evil consequences. But the cough itself is strictly a spasmodic cough arising from a convulsion of the nervous system, as decidedly as laughing or crying, and it is not like most coughs, a convulsion *caused* by some inflammation producing irritating effects, though often causing it. It is a disease, therefore, throughout all its three stages, whose bark is worse than its bite, if properly watched. Indeed, it is only astonishing the amount of suffering a child will go through from its paroxysms one minute, and except fatigue, be perfectly free from pain and all inflamatory symptoms the next. Many children are even observed to have a better appetite and finer spirits and general health, even nearly all the time that the hooping cough is upon them, than at any period of their lives.

Of course the strain of these paroxysms of itself, apart from all the expectoration, makes a heavy draft upon the constitution, and hence when the child is weakly or debilitated by other sickness, care should be taken to avoid exposure to it. Young infants, not knowing how to expectorate, should be kept from the contagion. It is also preferable not to have children take it in the fall, as it is apt to affect them all winter. But beyond that there is no reason for taking pains to avoid it, where children are of proper age and in good health. On the contrary, it is to be allowed to pass through the family, not as a disease somuch as something sent probably to produce a higher development of health than could be attained without it. Whether it is that it takes from the system a certain lymphatic or other peculiarity which, though desirable up to a certain stage, it is now equally desirable to expel from the system, or whether it is simply through the expansion of the lungs, occasioned by coughing, certain it is that it often produces a marked constitutional improvement. If any person, child or adult, will but take a quill and draw a deep, full inspiration, so as slowly to expand the lungs to the utmost, and repeat this for five minutes daily, the chest will soon measure four or five inches more in circumference, and in proportion to the greater amount of oxygen thus inhaled, the lungs will be kept freer from disease, the amount of food digested will be increased, and the vital energy, the real being and living power of the individual, will be augmented. Hooping Cough, therefore, should be looked forward to when it comes into a family, as a messenger sent indeed to make fresh demands upon parental care and watchfulness of every symptom, but sent also to prepare, and as it were compel the child to expand its lungs afresh and on a larger scale, on entering on a new period of its existence, just as the cries of its earliest infancy are arranged to give expansion to its lungs at first.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE

The great staple of Rio, Java, Laguayra and San Domingo, which within the memory of persons who have hardly yet attained to adult age, was held within a range of prices from six to ten cents per pound, having added some two hundred per cent. to these figures, and the general advance in proximate ratio of all articles of comfortable subsistence, causes a question of economy, with the masses, to rank as of first importance. But those who have for years luxuriated on the pure tropical berry find it hard to be satisfied with anything as yet offered as a substitute. Peas, rye and barley have for long years done service in the department of adulteration, even when prices were one-half of the present. To what extent their sphere has, with these war times, been enlarged, the statistics are not at hand on which to base an estimate. Their economy, compared with the foreign production, induces the majority to adopt them or some other adulteration, while not a few discard the foreign berry entirely. In this state of things, it has been deemed worth while to state publicly the simple fact that an article easily produced in every kitchen, and of daily consumption in nearly every rural household, makes the best substitute for coffee yet introduced. Let no one smile when we say that this article is simply brown bread crusts, until he has made one trial at least according to the following programme:

"As in the directions for producing a good chowder it was rated as of first importance to catch a *nice* codfish, so in this matter it is very essential to produce a *good* loaf of brown bread. This should be baked in a stove oven, or such a one as will give it ample chance to form a thick crust, top, bottom and sides. Detach such crust and brown it thoroughly, but not scorch it. Fill the coffee-pot three-quarters full of such crust, and cover it with boiling water and let it boil for half an hour. The same crust may be used two, three, or even four times, varying with the quantity of the beverage at each time produced."

No country reader having any connection with any culinary department needs the following recipe, but the space it will occupy may not be wholly lost upon that class of persons resident in cities, where the staff of life is not generally produced under the roof where it is consumed, but by bakers; and, as the brown bread of the city bakers is generally almost minus the crust, the domestic article can be so produced as to be a large improvement in this respect. But to the recipe:

"Use nearly equal quantities of corn and rye meal, (the corn slightly the largest,) each sifted through what is termed, in country parlance, a coarse sieve. What is termed bolted corn meal, sold by grain dealers and grocers, answers without sifting. Wet with milk-warm water. To four pounds of meal put one-fourth of a pint of molasses—(this may be varied to please the palate)—use the quantity of yeast and salt generally required in other bread; stir thoroughly and leave much softer than flour or other bread; bake in iron or earthern pans; set in a warm place to rise two to three hours before baking—the warmer the better, if not warm enough to cook, and the warmer the less time required for rising. Let the baking dire be brisk at first, after which it may moderate. It is decidedly improved by remaining in a brick oven over night, and the heat of a stove oven, made to correspond to the abating heat of such, also improves it."

Let it be distinctly understoood that quality is as important in the production of the liquid as when the article is to be used as food. The principle reason why there is such a general contempt for what is termed "crust coffee," is largely owing to the miserly quantities used. When it is considered that the one beverage costs some two to three cents per pound, and when it has served the purpose named has a value as food for domestic animals, while the other costs some thirty to fifty cents per pound, the relative expense of the two will not be seriously affected by the larger quantity required of the former.

For those who cannot forego the aroma of pure coffee, we have recently tested, and can recommend, a very excellent article prepared by Stetler, 232 Arch street. It is afforded at 20 cents per pound, and goes twice as far as coffee unprepared. It is called Stetler's Old Government Java Coffee, and, it is said, contains no dandelion, beans, peas, chicory, &c., and requires no clearing matter.

MORTALITY OF THE ARMY.

Mr. Elliott, Actuary of the Sanitary Commission, in a preliminary report on the mortality and sickness of the volunteers, estimates the number of deaths in the volunteer forces of the United States during the war, ("home guards" and other bodies not in active service being excluded,) has been at the annual rate of fifty-three (53.2) per thousand men, of which about forty-four (44.6) were from disease and accident, and nearly nine (8.6) from wounds received in action. Assuming the same rate of mortality for those discharged and deserted, and the annual rate of deaths is about 65 per thousand. The rate of mortality for the autumnal months is twice nearly that for the summer months, and the winter nearly double that of autumn. The mortality in the armies of the West is three times as great as that in the volunteers of the Eastern and Middle States. The deaths from wounds are five times as great in the Western army. To supply losses among the enlisted men in our Eastern armies requires recruits at the rate of nineteen per 1000 per month, or 226 per 1000 per annum. To supply such losses in our Western armies requires recruits at the rate of nearly twenty per 1000 per month, or 234 per 1000 per annum. The number of desertions from the Eastern army double that from the Western army. To secure in the field a constant force of 500,000 effective men, recruits are required of 123,000 men per annum, as long as the war lasts, besides maintaining 58,000 in hospitals. Of these 123,000 annual recruits, 83,000 are to supply losses by death and discharges from service, (exclusive of discharges for expiration of term of enlistment); 34,000 for desertions and missing in action; and 6000 to supply other losses specified and unspecified.

☞ A Milwaukie paper says that George Francis Train narrowly escaped lynching at Janesville, Wisconsin, a few nights since.

AMUSEMENTS.

The new *Chesnut Street Theatre* under the management of Mr. William Wheatley, opened for its first theatrical representation on Monday evening, Jan. 26, 1863, with Knowles' tragedy of "Virginius." Mr, Edwin Forrest, the distinguished tragedian, as Virginius. The stock company is considered a good one, and includes in it, Mr. J. McCullough, Mr. L. R. Shewell, Mr. J. Carroll, Mr. Williams, Mr. C. Kingsland, Mr. J. W. Colter, Mr. W. H. Leak, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Madame Ponisi and others. Mr. Hackett is engaged for the off-nights, and is announced as "Falstaff" on Wednesday evening.

At the *Walnut* St. Theatre, Mr. J. B. Roberts opened, on Monday evening, as "Belphegor" in the drama of that name. This is one of those personations in which Mr. R. excels. It is a character embodying great and varied feeling, and is intensified by Mr. Roberts with wonderful fidelity to nature. He plays through the week.

At the *Arch* St. Theatre Mr. Richings and daughter continue their engagement another week. They are playing in the "Enchantress" to full and enthusiastic audiences.

The *German Opera Company* are in a second engagement at the Academy of Music, and though it is not quite so crowded as was the first engagement, it is still handsomely patronized. The principal singers give great satisfaction, and the instrumental performances are considerad quite equal to any ever heard in the Academy.

At the *Circus and Amphitheatre*, at National Hall, Market street, large audiences are nightly in attendance, and the performances are quite equal to anything of the same character for years.

Burlesque Opera, Singing and Negro Extravaganza generally, are as attractive as ever at the Eleventh Street Opera House. The performances are good of their kind and the houses full.

Blitz, the merry, jovial, laughter-provoking magician and ventriloquist, is drawing good houses at the Assembly Building. He is the same favorite as of old.

Woodroffe's Troupe of Bohemian Glassblowers will be found in full blast at the Assembly Building. Their curious operations are decidedly interesting, and as the fanciful productions of their skill are distributed among their guests, there are extra inducements to visit them.

Heller's performances, at Concert Hall, are neat and surprising. Those who desire to be imposed upon by the unaccountable vagaries of second-sight, or to listen to a most excellent piano, should visit Mr. Heller, who is most accomplished in his profession.

LITERARY RECORD.

No Name. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Harpers: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia. This is the title of a new novel that has been running through Harper's Magazine for some months. The author, Wilkie Collins, is favorably known to the public as the author of "The Woman in White," and several other popular novels. This last production, under the title of "No Name," is handsomely illustrated, and issued in one neatly bound volume.

The Bible as an Educating Power. By John S. Hart, LLD. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.

Like all the emanations from the pen of Professor Hart, there is in this little volume a clearness and perspicuity that gives to its reasoning great force. The illustrations of his text are well chosen and admirably grouped, thus rendering what might seem, from its title, a dull, theological treatise, a really interesting and instructive little book. The author fairly and fully demonstrates the truth of the proposition for which he contends.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. W. P. Hazard: Philadelphia.

This work is newly translated and explained, from a missionary point of view, by the Right Rev J. W. COLENZO, DD. The following is from the translator's dedication: "The teaching of the great Apostle to the Gentiles is here applied to some questions which daily arise in missionary labor among the heathen, more directly than is usual with those commentators who have not been engaged personally in such work, but have written from a very different point of view, in the midst of a state of advanced civilization and settled Christianity. The views which I have here advanced are the results of seven years of missionary experience, as well as many years of previous study of this Epistle."

"THE SOLDIER' BOOK" is the title of a little pocket diary for the soldier in the field, and intended for use as a simple means for recording the military history of each, for which blank paper and pencil is furnished. It contains a blank printed form of enlistment, the name, rank, residence, company and description of each soldier. It contains also an explanation of the ration and its money value; the money value of clothing, and the monthly pay, with the more important articles of war. The information is of much interest to the soldier, and indeed of essential value, the whole being done up in compact form, in the shape of an ordinary diary.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ Crude contrasts are earliest perceived, earliest appreciated, and earliest admired, in character as in art.

☞ One thousand years ago the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.

☞ Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

☞ The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars. Hence the origin of the expression, "He's gone to pot."

☞ If your friend goes into a speculation, don't, because he happens to break, break with him.

☞ A widow, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass widow.

☞ A vessel is fitting out at Providence, R. I., to carry a load of vegetables to the army of the Potomac. The people of Providence are expected to freight the vessel.

☞ It costs $20 a ton for transportation of merchandise per one hundred miles on an ordinary road; $2 on a railroad, and 20 cents on the ocean, for the same distance.

☞ The name of Tom Thumb's pigmy bride, that is to be, is said to be "Bump," and not Warren. She is a native of Plymouth county, Mass.

☞ Several new hospitals are being constructed in the Western States—one at Madison, Indiana, capable of accommodating 500 patients, one at Louisville, Ky., to hold 2,500, and another at Clayeland, Ohio.

☞ "My son, would you suppose the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of a half dime?" "Well, yes, father, if a half a dime is as large in anybody's eyes as it is in yours. I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in about four times."

☞ Contrary, we imagine, to the general expectation, the court-martial in the case of General Fitz John Porter has resulted in his being found guilty of all the charges instituted against him, and sentenced to be dismissed from the military service of the United States, which sentence has been approved by the President, who ordered the sentence to be carried into immediate effect.

☞ There were 264 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 144 were adults and 120 children. There were 43 from consumption of the lungs; 9 from convulsion; 7 from diptheria; 12 from debility; 12 from typhoid fever; 5 from congestion of the lungs; 13 from marasmus; 4 from old age; 17 from inflammation of the lungs; 3 from gunshot wounds, and 8 from small-pox. Deaths and interments of soldiers in the city, 21.

☞ We read that a new feature in the application of gas to domestic purposes is upon the point of introduction into the ranks of fashion. Ladies are to be lit up with gas on entering the ball-room or the parlor! Fireflies of gold and brilliants already sparkle, says the authority on which we make this announcement, upon the graceful white feathers and fresh green leaves that adorn the brows of some of our youthful queen. "Clusters of diminutive gaslights are now to spring from the elaborate tresses of beautiful matrons; the jets will issue from burners measuring a twentieth of an inch per hour, within transparent shades exquisitely cut, not larger than a cherry. The tubing is to be of solid gold, connected with a reservoir of the same valuable metal, which is to lie concealed in the meshes of luxuriant hair behind the head. The pressure of gas will be applied to the golden tank, which is supported by an elaborate back-comb, the top of which forms a row of little gas-lights. Before entering the ball-room, the husband will 'turn on the gas,' light up his blushing partner, and usher her into her sphere, revolving like her prototype, the moon, among the lesser lights around." What a dazzling idea!

THE TROUBLE IN COUNCILS SETTLED BY THE SUPREME COURT.

The Supreme Court having been appealed to for the purpose of settling the dispute about the organization of the Common Councils, that body has decided that the Kerr or Democratic branch of Councils is the properly organized body. The decision is based upon the fact that the Kerr body maintained the regular forms of organization, the President and Clerks elected the preceding year being in their places, and the Clerks holding over by law till the organization of the new Council. Common usage, the Court says, sanctions this form of organization where a body receives only a partial infusion of members. The proceedings of the Trego body were opposed to this common usage and to the written law with regard to the Clerks. The Court therefore granted the injunction asked for. The business of the Councils will now be prosecuted without interruption from the disreputable squabbles which have taken place in consequence of the double organization.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Command of the Army Transferred to General Hooker.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S FAREWELL.

GENS. SUMNER AND FRANKLIN RELIEVED.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Jan. 26.—This forenoon Gen. Burnside turned over his command of the Army of the Potomac to General Hooker, who came to the Head-quarters Camp for that purpose.

As soon as the change became known, a considerable number of superior officers called on General Burnside, and took their parting leave with many regrets.

The following is Gen. Burnside's address to the army:

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp near Falmouth, Jan. 26.
GENERAL ORDERS NO. 9.

By direction of the President of the United States the commanding General this day transfers the command of this army to Maj. General Joseph Hooker. The short time that he has directed your movements has not been fruitful of victory or any considerable advancement of our lines, but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience and endurance that under more favorable circumstances would have accomplished great results.

Continue to exercise these virtues, be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have sworn to maintain; give to the brave and skilful General who has long been identified with your organization and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support, and you will deserve success.

In taking an affectionate leave of the entire army from which he separates with so much regret, he may be pardoned if he bids an especial farewell to his long tried associates of the Ninth Corps.

His prayers are that God may be with you and grant you continued success until the rebellion is crushed.

By command of Major-General Burnside.
LEWIS RICHMOND, A. A. G.

It is understood that Generals Sumner and Franklin have also been relieved from their command of the right and left Grand Divisions, but the names of their successors have not been divulged, if appointed.

General Burnside, with most of his late staff, have been allowed thirty days' leave of absence. They will go to New York.

The weather is warm and pleasant and the mud is fast drying up.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—Gen. Burnside has made arrangements to be in New York early this week. On Saturday morning, he, at his own request, was relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac, when the President immediately conferred the chief command on Major General Hooker.

Thirty-seventh Congress—Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1863.

SENATE.

Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, introduced a bill to provide additional facilities to the Government for the transportation of troops and munitions of war, and to furnish additional commercial facilities to the people of the Western States.

Mr. Wilson, of Mass., offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Printing to inquire if any department of the Government has had any official correspondence published as an advertisement, and if so, in what paper, and what has been the cost since March 4, 1861.

Mr. Latham, of Cal., offered a resolution requesting the President to transmit to the Senate a copy of the record, and all the proceedings of the Court Martial of Major General Fitz-John Porter. Laid over.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill to organize a volunteer military force, to be called the National Guard of the United States. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Lane, of Kansas, called up the bill authorizing the President to enter into negotiation for the removal of the Indian tribes from the State of Kansas. The question was discussed till the expiration of the morning hour.

When Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, called up the bill for the better protection of the overland emigrants to the Pacific coast, which was passed.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, introduced a bill to provide for a National currency secured by pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Anthony called up the resolution instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire whether any plan of General A. E. Burnside for the movement of the Army of the Potomac had been interfered with by officers writing to or visiting Washington to oppose them, and if such movements had been arrested, and if so by what authority. Passed.

After an Executive session, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. Stevens', of Pennsylvania, bill authorizing the President to raise and equip 150,000 militia of African blood, for five years' service, coming up, Mr. Stevens moved to postpone its consideration till to-morrow. Agreed to.

The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the Judicial system, making Ohio and Michigan the 7th, and Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin the 8th Judicial Circuit.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union on the Finance bill.

Mr. Stevens' substitute for the bill as introduced from the Committee on Ways and Means was considered and rejected. Yeas 18; Nays not counted.

Mr. Colfax, of Ind., offered as a substitute for the original bill, Mr. Stevens' substitute, with the Bank tax section from the former added. This was rejected.

The Committee then rose and reported the bill as heretofore amended by the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and which has already been published. Nearly all the amendments made to the bill in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union were agreed to.

Several were reserved for separate votes, including that authorizing the Secretary to dispose of bonds at any time, on such terms as he may deem advisable, instead of restricting him to not less than par. This was agreed to—yeas 83, nays 50.

The House disagreed to committee's amendment taxing the aggregate of bank deposits.

Mr. Stevens again offered his substitute, as amended by himself, so as to include the bank tax section of the original bill. Rejected—yeas 58, nays 92.

The bill, as amended by the committee, was then ordered to be engrossed for third reading, and passed without a division.

The bill, as passed, was the same as recently published.

The House passed the Senate resolution legalizing the transfer of convicted criminals from the District of Columbia to the State prison at Albany.

Mr. Dunn offered a resolution, which was passed, providing pay of bounties and pensions to officers and men in the Western Military Department. The House then adjourned.

The War in Mexico.

BOMBARDMENT OF ACAPULCO BY THE FRENCH—CAPTURE OF THE FORT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—The steamer Sonora, which arrived here to-day from Panama, reports that four French war vessels bombarded the town of Acapulco, Mexico, for three days, commencing on the 16th. The fire was returned from the fort, doing some damage to the vessels. The people abandoned the town. After killing thirteen of the Mexican garrison, the fort was finally silenced; when a hundred sailors landed and spiked the guns. The fleet then left.

Honors to Gen. Fitz John Porter.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—The Common Council of this city to-day adopted a resolution requesting the counsel of General Fitz John Porter to furnish them with the full evidence in the late trial by Court-martial, and tendering General Porter the hospitalities of the city and a reception in the Governor's room.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The Secretary of the Navy has sent a communication to Congress asking an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars for establishing a Navy Yard at League Island.

THE PAY OF SOLDIERS.

This very proper, though long delayed, work seems to have been commenced in good earnest, and it is estimated that payments up to the 1st of November will be accomplished in all this month. The fact that a million of dollars has just been paid out by the Treasury to recompense slave-owners in the District of Columbia, whilst so large a portion of the army was yet to receive the arrears of pay due to it, has excited a good deal of indignant comment. Even in the Senate, amongst men of Mr. Chase's own political complexion, the conduct of the Secretary of the Treasury in postponing the liquidation of these arrears has not escaped severe censure. Mr. Wilson emphatically stated, the other day, that there never was an hour when the Government did not have full authority from Congress to provide the means to pay the troops. Many have always believed that if the necessary energy had been used by Secretary Chase in this regard there need never have been the slightest ground for complaint on the part of the army.

THE IRON CLADS.—Some considerable anxiety is felt in Washington for the safety of the two iron-clads which left New York for the South on Sunday. The storm of Wednesday was one which would thoroughly test their seaworthiness.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1863.

I have seen letters from Havana, under date of January 15th, from parties of unquestionable veracity, communicating certain statements concerning the careless manner in which the blockade is maintained—or, rather, not maintained—off Charleston, which, if substantiated, should enlist the immediate attention of the Navy Department. Of late there is reason to believe extraordinary quantities of arms and munitions of war, besides medicines and clothing, have reached that port, and the facility with which payments are made in returns, by cargoes of cotton that pass through the blockading squadron in safety, had given rise to grave suspicions on the part of loyal Americans at Havana. Those suspicions, together with all the facts and circumstances which give color to them, have been communicated to the Government, which will doubtless institute an early investigation.

There is a speck of trouble between the U. S. and State military authorities, which may yet lead to important results. Gen. Wool on Wednesday last issued an order commanding the various regimental commanders in the city and State to report to him hereafter. The proceeding is looked upon as irregular, and as an indirect attempt on the part of the general government to obtain control of our local militia. However, the Second Division reported, in due form, but under protest from Gen. Hall. But a portion of the First Division flatly refused to report at all, alleging that Gov. Seymour was the only legal commander of the State forces. This is a rude rebuff for Gen. Wool, and it remains to be seen whether he will quietly put up with it.

Among the latest arrivals in town is Mr. R Estvan, the Prussian officer who wrote for the Colner Zeitung (Prussia) the remarkable history of the Peninsular campaign, which has been so extensively republished in the American journals. He came passenger in the steamer Borussia. This gentleman was in the rebel service for some months. He was a resident of the South, indeed, for the past twelve years. Having been taken sick, and unable to procure any medicine, General Lee gave him permission to return to Europe.

General Scott's health is said to be fast failing him now. He is confined to his apartment, in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, almost entirely helpless, and, what is worse, it is said that his mind at length is breaking down under the weight of years, and mental and bodily trouble. He receives but few visitors, and these only his most intimate friends.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." Barnum's grand wedding of the Lilliputians, Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, has fallen through, so far as Bishop Potter and Trinity Church are concerned. Rev. Morgan Dix, rector of the parish, has positively forbidden the use of that edifice, chiefly because of the restrictions sought to be placed upon the people attending the ceremony. There is nothing in the book of common prayer warranting any such conditions as "full dress," or the admission of one class of people to the exclusion of others. However, as Barnum's genius is equal to any exigency, no doubt some other fashionable church will be engaged for the happy occasion.

The "dummy" engines, about which so much talk was made a few months since, are about to be placed on the new railroad between Jersey City and Bergen Point. In shape, they are similar to the common horse-car, but much larger. In front is the engine room, divided from the passenger apartment by a partition. The latter apartment is 22 feet long by 9 wide, and will comfortably seat 30 persons. The engine is of 15 horse power, and consumes its own smoke. The average speed is estimated at 15 miles an hour.

Mrs. Eliza Brevoort, wife of Capt. Beevoort, of the U. S. Marine Corps, died at her residence, last week, in Brooklyn. Deceased was, many years ago, a well-known actress, connected with the old Park Theatre. She was the daughter of an English ventriloquist, and a sister-in-law of Hackett, the comedian.

The obsequies of the late Grant Thorburn took place Saturday morning, from Rev. Dr. McElroy's church, in Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, Rev Dr. Dewitt officiating. The church was filled with the relatives and friends of the deceased, many of them well stricken in years.

Foreign exchange for the steamers of Saturday closed very unsettled—so much so, that it is impossible to give a reliable quotation. On London, however, the range was about 164 a 165.

There was a very animated feeling in the stock market at the first board Saturday, with a disposition to enter into speculative operations. Prices showed a material advance over Friday, and most all descriptions were firm. Governments were steady. The principal operations were as follows,—$22,500 U. S. demand notes, 144¾@144¾; $134,000 one-year certificates, 95⅞@95¾; $19 300 7.30 notes, 102; $35,-100 6s '81, coupon, 98@95¾; $20,000 do., reg., 95. N. Y. Central at 120½ a 120¾; Erie 70¼ a 78¾; Cleveland and Toledo, 94; Chicago and Rock Island, 95¼ a 95¾; Galena and Chicago, 95¼ a 96¼.

At the Second Board, there was an active business, and prices generally a shade higher.

The feature of the market was the advance in gold, which touched 147¼ a 150¼, with sales of $165,000; U. S. demand notes at 145¼ a 146; $3,000 one year certificates, 95¾; $96,000 treasury 7-30 notes, 102; $2,000 6's, '81, coup., 98¾; $1,000 do., reg., 95; $35,000 Mo., 67; $20,000 Tenn., 63; N. Y. Cent., 121 a 120¾; Erie, 79 a 79¼; Galena and Chicago, 96¼ a 96; Cleveland and Toledo, 94¼ a 94¾; Chicago and Rock Island, 95¼.

The following are the closing prices of stocks at 4¼ P. M.:

	Off.	Ask'd		Off.	Ask'd.
U S 6s '81 reg	95	95	Hudson Riv	94¼	94¾
U S 6s '81, cp	95¼	95¾	Harlem R R	36¼	36¾
Demand nts	146	146¾	Harlem pref	73¼	72¾
7.30 Tr. N.,	101¾	102	Reading R.	†90¾	92¾
6 p.c. 1yr. cer.	95¾	95¾	Mich Cen't	96¾	96¾
Am. Gold,	151¼	151¾	Mich S&NI	62¾	62¾
Tennessee,	63	63	Do. guaran	105¾	106
Virginia,	69	70	Panama,	183	185
Missouri 8s	66	66¾	Ill Central	94¾	94¾
Del. & Hud.	129	130	Cleve & Pitts	71	71¾
Cumb Co	21	22¾	Gal & Chic	94¾	95¾
Pac. M S Co	172¾	173	Clev & Tol	92¾	92¾
N Y Cent	120¾	120¾	Chic & Rock	93¾	93¾
Erie common,	76¾	76¾	Illinois,	90	—
Erie Pref.,	105¾	106	Mil&Pr.Du.	43	44¼

†Ex-dividend.

At the first session of the public board, sales of $155,000 American gold were made at 150¾; $6000 U. S. Demand Notes 146 a 145¾; $5000 Missouris 66¼; N. Y. Central 120; Erie 77¼ a 77¾. At the second session, $60,000 demand notes sold at 146¾ a 146¼; $10,000 6s '81, 95; $5000 7-30 notes 102¾; $70,000 American Gold 152¾ a 152; N. Y. Central 121; Erie 76¼ a 78¼. The payments at the Sub-Treasury to-day amounted to $1,069,091 19; receipts $628,500 09; balance $9,412,250 29. Of the receipts, $125,600 was from customs.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—There is reason to believe that the clamor recently made throughout the country on the non-payment of the soldiers will be soon settled by general payment. The proceedings of Congress show that there is anxiety in that body to relieve itself from all responsibility of the injustice of the long delay, by putting the blame on the Secretary of the Treasury, who, it is alleged, had full authority to sell bonds at the best price he could command, and use the proceeds to pay the soldiers. The Secretary construed the authority to sell bonds as limited to par, and the recent message of the President takes the same view, and so sustains Secretary Chase. However, amid this wrangling of outsiders the good work of payment is going on. It is estimated that by the 1st of March the $100,000,000 just authorized can be printed and put in circulation. By that time Congress will have made provision to carry on the Government up to December,

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

(MATTHEW, XXV., 40.)

A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on the way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay.
I did not stop to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
But there was something in his eye
That won my love—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spoke—
Just famishing for want of bread.
I gave him all: he blessed and broke
And ate, but gave me part again:
That was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I found him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it—saw it hastening on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up:
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er:
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night—the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To welcome him beneath my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest:
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshments—he was healed.
I had, myself, a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a felon's doom at morn.
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die.
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The tokens on his hands I knew;
My Saviour stood before my eyes.
He spoke, and my poor name he named.
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be:
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CLEARING LAND.

Permit me through the medium of your invaluable and widely circulated "Newspaper" to say a few words to those of its numerous readers who are contemplating to locate themselves on forest land, in order to aid them in clearing and putting in grain for a first crop. The ground to be cleared, for example, is sloping, timber, beech, birch, maple and hemlock spruce with underbrush the same, with patches of laurel underbrush. The way to proceed, or the system mostly followed, is first begin on the lower side of the slope, and cut down with a brush scythe, within an inch of the ground, all brush under one inch in diameter except laurel, the small laurel to be pulled up by the root, the larger to be chopped, and after the burn to hitch the chain to them and pull them out with the oxen.

Second.—Cut down with an ax all brush from one to six inches in diameter, within one to two inches of the ground. First strike from left to right, with an ax, at an angle of forty-five, then from right to left at the same angle, leaving the brush fall behind parallel with each other.

Third.—Commence at the lower end of the slope, and cut all trees two feet from the ground, or where the ax falls conveniently; cut to the centre on the lower side, then cut in a notch on the upper side until the tree falls; cut them so that they will all fall parallel with each other. Then chop off all the branches, and chop the branches so that they will lay near to the ground. Next chop the tree in logs twelve or fourteen feet each. Proceed with the next tree the same way until you have chopped the whole piece, say, four or five acres. Should any trees lean up hill let them stand until you have gone the length of the tree above; then chop and let it fall up hill. Should any of the trees fall contrary to your expectation and lodge against another tree, leave them until you have got up the length of the tree, then cut the one it leans against, standing on the off side from where the tree is sustained, so that you will not be caught when the lodged tree falls. This work can be done in fall, in winter (if the underbrush is cut before the snow *stays*), or spring, after the snow has gone away; some prefer to do it when in leaf, as they say it burns better; others prefer to do it when the leaves are off, as they maintain the sun dries the branches better and causes it to burn up closer, therefore less labor in picking; but either will burn well if it is set on fire at a good time—*it is of great importance to have a good burn.* The best time is in August, when there has been two or three weeks without raining. Immediately before raining there often is a strong wind; about two or three o'clock in the afternoon on such a day is a good time to set the chopping on fire. A quick way to do this is to take a bundle of straw and go to the leeward of the chopping, take out a handful at a time, ignite it and drop it in the brush. In this way set fire to as many places as convenient, going to windward all the while; the quicker this is done the better; the object is to have all burning at once, as near as possible. The day following, or as soon as the ground is cool, commence to pick brush, on green patches, on logs, or against roots. Commence brush heaps by throwing all brush and branches that one person can handle together, parallel to each other; when all is picked, put fire in them; it is now ready for logging up. To do this it is necessary to have four men, a yoke of oxen, a log chain, two skids and four handspikes; commence at the lower end of the incline, and log up a trough of about twenty yards wide; begin the log heap with four or five of the nearest and heaviest logs; if convenient put two of hard wood on the outside, as they will help to burn up more of the heap; hitch the oxen to the nearest log on the right; haul it in front on the higher side of the log heap, unhitch, pass on to the nearest on the left, haul it to the same place; meantime will the other men with the handspikes put it to the foot of the skids (two pieces of hard wood about ten feet long and six inches in diameter), which are laid with one end on the ground and the other on the first log; up these roll the logs to between the third and fourth, the next place between the second and third, next between the first and second, and so on until it is topped off. While the heap is being built, the interstices should be filled up with the small sticks, knots, or roots which are lying around. Commence another log heap, and continue the same way until all the chopping is logged up. The first day there is a breeze, set fire in three places on the top, to the windward, on each log heap; the best time is about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, as the sparks do not take fire where it is not wanted so soon in the night as in the day. The morning following, push the burning logs together with a handspike; when the fires have all gone out and cool, haul the largest logs which are left unburned together, the small pieces throw together in small heaps and set fire to them; haul off the hemlock sogs, lay up the log fence, and it is ready for grain. The above work can be done by contract at from ten to sixteen dollars per acre.

To put in grain, if rye, in the beginning of September, sow five pecks to the acre, shovel plow about eighteen inches apart, then shovel plow across about the same distance; sow grass seed—about four quarts of timothy seed and one quart of clover to the acre; harrow and cross harrow and it is finished. There might be expected from sixteen to thirty-five bushels per acre, and a meadow that will yield two tons of hay per acre for five or six years.

B. C. R.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BOOK FARMING AND ANTI-BOOK FARMING.

The masses of men around us entertain some very queer notions on the subject of "Book Farming," that is, of farming their lands according to rules or instructions laid down in books. That class of men commonly called "Book Farmers" act as if nothing at all could be done well or right in farming unless they have some *book* to tell them how, and when the thing in question is to be done. And hence they purchase the most popular agricultural books of the day that are obtainable, and also take one, two, or more agricultural journals, such, for example, as "The American Agriculturist," "The Working Farmer," "Genesee Farmer," &c., and read everything on agriculture they can get their hands on. This class of men mostly consist of such men as were neither born nor raised upon a farm, but who pursued some other business in life, either in our cities or towns until their failure in business drove them into the country, or their success in business led them to purchase land in the country and go there to raise their own bread, and meat, and butter, and enjoy the ease, independence and happiness of a rural life. And hence, as they know nothing at all about farming, they collect and read books that treat of farming, and never feel safe in what they do unless they have some book to guide them and go by. And if all of our books that treat of farming were based upon sound principles—principles that accord fully with the laws of nature—such book farmers would succeed and do very well. But as many of these books on farming are written by men who do not understand the things they have written about—or understand them too imperfectly to be safe-teaching-guides for others—and they who read said books have not sufficient judgment to see the errors contained therein—we cannot look for or expect anything else from such book farming but one blunder after another, and failure upon failure. And so things will remain with the mere book farmer until he has *experience* enough to show him that the book teachings which he practised were either *erroneous* in principle, or *did not suit his soil*, But after making that discovery and changing his course of farming to correspond with such discovery, his progress and success will be sure.

But there is another and far larger class of men who pride themselves in being what is called "Anti-Book Frrmers." This class consists principally of such men as were born and raised on farms. And as their fathers and grandfathers were farmers and raised large farm crops without ever looking into or consulting any agricultural book, journal, or newspaper, their sons and grandsons who pursue the old time-honored way of doing things, very naturally laugh at and ridicule the idea of any man's learning anything about farming from books. But there is a great difference between *the results* of their farming and that of their fathers and grandfathers before them. For they used to raise double and treble as much wheat, rye, corn, oats, grass, hay, potatoes, &c., to the acre, as their sons and grandsons are now doing upon the very same grounds. And their fathers and grandfathers did this simply because their lands were new, or nearly as good as new, grounds. But the fertilizing elements of these soils have long ago been exhausted to such an extent that their sons and grandsons, though they till their soil far nicer and better than ever their forefathers did, cannot now raise over one-half or one-third as much to the acre as their ancestors did. And now what does their own self-boasted knowledge of farming amount to? Why to just this, to wit: that they know how to *do* the various kinds of *farm work*—that is all; for a large majority of these very same Anti-Book Farmers do not know how to renovate and improve their old and worn-out lands easily and cheaply—nay more, they are ignorant of the very names of the elements or fertilizing agents that are necessary to make a soil strong and highly productive of superior farm crops. And this is not all of their ignorance yet, for if the whole truth must be told, a great many of them do not even know how to do their *farm work itself right*, as any intelligent man can see who will visit and carefully examine their work. It is high time, therefore, for these men, who can scarcely make a living upon their lands, or who are rapidly wearing out good lands, if their lands are still good, to abandon their foolish Anti-Book Farming notions and gather valuable hints on farming from books just as they gather other useful knowledge from books.

And now, if I am correct in these views, what appear to be the two great errors of the day upon Book Farming? Why simply these to wit: First, that the Book Farmer depends too much upon his books, and, Second, that the Anti-Book Farmer rushes to the other extreme and refuses to learn anything from books, just as if everything printed in books about farming must be wrong—a lie! Truth, however, generally, if not always, lies between extremes. And, therefore, he who in the present exhausted and rapidly exhausting condition of our American soils, desires to improve his land and increase the average yield per acre of his several crops, ought to procure and read the best books, journals and newspapers on agriculture that are to be had. For let Anti-Book Farmers say what they please, much, very much can be learned about farming from books, and nobody but a fool will deny this. But then you are not to believe and practice everything that you find recommended in books, for that would be equally unwise—whether it comes from Orange Judd, in "The American Agriculturist," or from Professor Mapes, in "The Working Farmer," or from Joseph Harris, in "The Genesee Farmer," or from the head of the recently organized Agricultural Bureau at Washington city, or any other source, however popular or learned. But you should, like the bee, that sips the material for its honey from every flower, cautiously search after sound general principles of agriculture and see that these principles will practically suit your own climate, soils, and crops, before you venture on trying them. And if you have any doubt with regard to such suitableness, you had best make several experiments of the thing recommended upon a small scale to test the matter, and if these be successful, then you can safely enlarge your experiments. Now this is, it seems to me, a correct common sense view of this much-vexed question of Book Farming, and one that both our Book and Anti-Book Farmers may profit by, if they will. But as our Anti-Book Farmers dislike agricultural reading just as much as pussy cat hates to wet her feet in water, even when she smells fish in the water, very few, if any of them, will read or hear of these remarks in your paper, unless our Book Farmers will poke said remarks under their noses and draw their attention thereto—as I hope they will for our common good.

A PENNSYLVANIA.

December, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CARE OF BEES IN WINTER.

People that have had the care of bees for a number of years, find that they require nearly as much care in winter as summer. When the old fashioned straw hive was used there was but little danger of bees freezing or smothering. But after moths became troublesome the straw hive went nearly out of use. Besides being a better harbor for moths, they were more expensive than the board hive. A man in a hurry for a hive to save a swarm of bees, could make one in twenty minutes that would answer very well, if he had suitable boards, a saw and square, hammer and nails, and a three-quarter auger. I have nothing to say at present about burying bees, removing them to the garret, chamber or cellar, but speak of those remaining in the bee-house, standing out on stumps, &c. There is generally more danger of bees smothering in winter than freezing when they are in tight board hives. If there is a hole half way up the front side of a hive which is very common when they stand out doors, they will get air enough through that. I prefer a bee-house built in such a way that the sun will not shine on the hives at any time, summer or winter. Then if the hive sits tight on the board there is great danger of the bees smothering in severe cold weather. It is a good way to bore a three-quarter hole in the back of the hive, an inch or two from the top, and this will allow the steam to escape, and prevent the sweat from running down the sides of the hive and freezing tight at the bottom—this it will do if there is but a small hole at the bottom for the bees to work through. The air-hole in the back of the hive can be closed up in the spring before the bees go to work. I never allow the sun to shine on my hives in the winter if it does in the summer. To prevent it, I generally move the hives back a little in the fall, as cold weather comes on. This will keep the sun from shining on the hives and warming the bees, causing them to fly out when it is so cold they can never get back again. If your bee-house is made in such a way that the hives cannot be moved back sufficiently, you can place a board before them just high enough to let the bees pass out and in; then, if it is warm enough for them to fly out, there is no danger of them; if they drop on the snow, they will rise again. Bees should not be disturbed much in cold weather, but the hives should be raised a little several times in the course of the winter, and especially towards spring, and all the dead bees removed that fall down, to prevent the comb from moulding. It will save the bees a great amount of work, also to help them remove their dead. Sometimes people think they have lost a great many bees by their flying out in the winter, when it is only the dead ones they carry from the hives that is found on the snow. Nature teaches them to improve the warm days in winter to clean out their hives and keep the stock healthy. In my next chapter on bees I will give my plan of making cheap hives and boxes for surplus honey, directions for hiving bees, and of their care in summer, &c.

A. N.

Wayne County, Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

New Plants, Vegetables and Flowers.

Each succeeding year brings to light some new and useful plant from the vegetable and floral kingdom, and we are now highly gratified that we have found a good substitute for coffee. In times like these economy becomes, sooner or later, an absolute necessity, and the lovers of "Java" and devotees of "Mocha," who chance, just now, to find their favorite beverage somewhat expensive, may obtain a cheap and ready substitute in the GARBANZO (*Cicer Arietinum.*)

I have grown, the past season, a quantity of the above species of plant, of which I first obtained a few seeds, by mail, from Judge A. N. Morin, of Quebec, Lower Canada, he recommending it as a good substitute for coffee. The plant attains the height of about eighteen inches, and branches very much. The seed-pods are very numerous, being thickly set throughout the plant, and is quite an ornament to the garden. The seed somewhat resembles the "Java," and when prepared the same as the latter, it is considered by many nearly equal in its quality. We have given it a fair trial, and deem it a rich, pleasant and healthful beverage—superior to any of the other substitutes for coffee. It should be planted about the first of May, in drills, two feet apart, and one seed, six inches apart, in the drill.

Of TOMATOES, (our favorite dish), the new *French Tree*, (Tomate de Laze).—This grows erect, about two feet high, and resembles a small tree. The fruit is large and well-formed, of a deep scarlet color, and of good quality. The White Sweet Chinese.—This new variety is very prolific in fruit, and of good size and quality. Also, Lester's Perfected. To the three above varieties of Tomatoes we find none superior.

The ASPARAGUS BEAN is not only a luxury, but a curiosity, as the pods grow to the length of two to three feet, and somewhat resemble the stem of asparagus. These pods, before fully grown, we prepare the same as for asparagus; they are very delicious. The vines require some support—a trellis would be very appropriate.

THE TRUE BOSTON CURLED LETTUCE.—This we find to be most excellent and elegant. Of new Flowers, we have the Double Zinnia, Dianthus Hedderizi, or Japan Pink; many new varieties of the Aster, Hunt's Sweet William, Lychnis Haageana, and several varieties of the Everlasting flowers have been recently introduced; the Green Centered Helianthus, &c., of which we should surround our homes and make them beautiful and attractive.

Windsor, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, 1863. L. N.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE HIGH PRICE OF FEED.

Lucky is that farmer who has on hand, of his own raising, a good supply of feed to carry his horses and cattle through the winter months that are upon us. I do not allude to hay merely, for we are all blessed with a liberal abundance of that, but to corn and oats, and the usual roots that are so essential to the comfort and health of all animals. There are some, alas, too many farmers, who seem to imagine that horses and cattle will do well enough on hay and straw alone, and, believing this, their stock never become acquainted with anything else. As a result, weakness grows rapidly upon them, and their existence, instead of being a pleasant one, is merely dragged out. The manure, too, from such animals, is next to worthless, and instead of a mine of wealth that might be obtained from this source, scarcely anything of value is gained. It does appear to me that if such persons would only consider that the richer the food the richer the manure, they could hardly fail to abandon their perpetual feedings of hay and straw, and dash into the manger, at least once a day, a liberal allowance of grain or roots of the various kinds.

But, says the farmer, whose bins are unfortunately empty of grain, and whose cellar perhaps is barren of the roots, do you expect me to pay 85 cts. per bushel for corn, 75 cts. for oats, and 40 cts. for carrots, and feed these out to ten or twenty head of cattle? Do you think it would *pay* for me to do this?

I answer, "Yes." It is true, the value of all the aaticles named is nearly *one hundred per cent.* above what they could be purchased for in September, '61, but with a little extra trouble, half the usual quantity can be made to go just as far as formerly, and the expense be, therefore, really no greater than when corn was 50, oats 40, and carrots 20 cts. per bushel.

The past season I was unlucky enough to let the field corn and oats go by the board, as I had found the previous summer I could purchase them cheaper than I could raise them. For instance, I bought shelled corn from 45 to 50 cents, and oats, full standard weight, at 34 cents. Now no man in my vicinity can begin to raise those two articles for any such figures, and as I am not one of the kind who believe in raising a certain crop *anyhow*, whether it pays or not, I last summer gave the corn and oats the go by, and trusted to luck to fill my bins at about the previous summer's prices. But our depreciated currency had played old-hob with the grain market, as with most everything else, and I was forced to pay 80 cents for my corn, and 70 cents for very light oats. By boiling these, however, I make them *go twice as far* as when fed out raw, and by this means I am not much of a loser after all, while my stock get their grain, dear though it be.

Half a bushel of corn or oats will make a full bushel when boiled. The horses, cattle and even poultry will relish them better, and they will be all digested, instead of passing from the animal, as is too often the case, in a whole state. Don't, my reader, therefore, give up the grain because it is high. Your cattle need it, and you need it for the golden manure it will bring.

I took the precaution last summer to secure a fine crop of *fodder corn*, and this, with a good supply of carrots, turnips, beets, kohl rabis and parsnips, has compensated me materially for the loss of corn and oat crops. The roots prior to feeding, are always cut in pieces not larger than an egg, and they not only go further when fed in this way, but they are eaten more readily by the cattle, and there are no fears of their choking to death, as has been known to be the case where whole carrots and beets have "got in the wrong way."

My turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens also relish chopped roots amazingly, and when these are fed, half the quantity of grain will finish them off.

I throw out these ideas for the best interests of those who are short of grain, and dread the thought of planking down the present prices for the article. To those who intend buying, however, I would say, *buy at once.* Grain and Breadstuffs of all descriptions, and roots as well, will assuredly be higher before the grass again smiles luxuriant, and a week's delay may add five cents a bushel to your purchases. Buy now, therefore, and feed as I have suggested, and I feel sure that you will come out content!

F. A. A.

Rye, January, 1863.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GRAPE CULTURE.

The time if coming when the culture of the grape is destined to occupy quite as prominent a place in the attention of farmers as that of any of our staple crops. The public mind is becoming awakened on this subject, and men are experimenting on the different varieties and their different methods of culture, while every year is developing some new peculiarities respecting the vine and its training. There are many methods of planting and for preparing the border previously; but my own experience has proved the following plan most successful, both with respect to the growth and bearing qualities of the plants. To prepare the border, it is first necessary to trench a space of ground some two feet in width, and of a length proportionate to the number of plants you wish to transplant. The trench should be at least two feet in depth, but three feet would be even better. After the trench is dug, the subsoil should be carted away, leaving only the rich top-soil to again employed. Under the border is to be three feet in depth; first throw in a few inches of any coarse gravel at the bottom for the purpose of draining the soil above. If, however, the ground be very retentive of water, it may be necessary to have a small quantity of pebbles and small rocks at the bottom of the trench in addition to the gravel. When this is done, throw in eight inches of compost and decayed animal or vegetable matter. Then fill up the remaining space with a composition of finely pulverized earth, well-rotted manure and decayed sods thoroughly mixed. One of the best ingredients for this composition is to throw into a heap, some time previous to preparing the border, a quantity of freshly turned sods, wetting them occasionally with the drainings from the manure-heap. In time this heap will become thoroughly decomposed, when it forms, with other ingredients, one of the best compositions for a border yet discovered. In a future article we will give our method of planting, with some notes on the different varieties.

M.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS.

Farm stock demands the careful attention of farmers at this season. They should be kept thriving—not barely living. They should have shelter to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Cows should be kept housed at night in warm, well ventilated stables.

All stables should be frequently cleaned, daily, if possible. The curry-comb and card should be used freely. Do not allow any stock to suffer for want of water. Keep a lump of rock salt where they can lick it at pleasure.

Sheep should have shedding, not stables, to run under to protect them from the rains, and should be fed a little oats or corn daily, and, when necessary, hay. When the ground is free from snow they generally are able to gain most of their nourishment from the pasture field.

Swine should have good shelter, but not too closely housed.

Poultry should have access to a warm house, with some refuse meat, sand, ashes and lime always at hand. They make a rich return for this little attention.

Preserve all the straw and fodder you can. If it does not find use now it may, before you are aware. Keep such coarse food under cover, if you have room, or well stacked out till you need it, and you will find it better than money at interest.

Look well to your winter evenings. Store your mind with useful knowledge for the "coming harvest." Despise not theory or book learning. Subscribe for the "Dollar Newspaper" as being the cheapest and best, and read carefully the "Farmer's Department," and you will receive many valuable hints and much useful information worth three times the subscription price.

ECONOMIST.

Morrisdale, Pa., 1863.

AUSTRALIAN COFFEE.

A correspondent, in answer to an inquiry, says he has the Australian Coffee Seed which he will sell at $1 per hundred seed. Who and where he may be found, he can make known to the public through our advertising columns, as we do not advertise for individual advantage gratuitously. His mode of cultivation is as follows: "Plant in drills sixteen inches apart, two seeds in a place, in rows three feet apart; first dressing by hand, after that with the horse-hoe two or three times. Directions for securing the crop will be given with a package of seed."

WORSHIP.

[FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.]

Were there no temples reared by mortal hands,
No altar-stone, no consecrated shrine,
No edifice for purposes divine,
To congregate the people of the lands,
Still would the flame of adoration's fire
Survive in human souls, and heavenward aspire,

What need of graceful arch and storied pane
To a poor suffering sinner on his knees?
The universe has greater things than these
Wherewith to decorate God's boundless fane,
And many voices of sublimer powers
To send unto the sky a grander psalm than ours.

With never falling lamps the heavens are hung,
The mighty sun by fiery robes embraced:
The changeful moon, so pensive and so chaste;
The crowded stars in countless systems hung;
And meteors speeding with a fearful flight
Through all the realms of space, and clothed with marvellous light.

Nay, there are sounds of worship that arise
From birds and trees, in many a sigh and song;
From winds and waters hurrying along;
From restless seas, upheaving towards the skies,
From flowers, fruits, spices, incense streams ascend
Up to the floating clouds, and there in sweetness blend.

And yet 'tis fit that men should congregate,
To read, expound, and venerate the page
Which shall extend from brightening age to age;
The hopeful promise of a holier state;
'Tis well to meet, with souls that look above,
To form and propagate a brotherhood of love.

O for one simple creed that all would share,
The mildest, poorest, mercifullest best,
That we might follow God's divine behest,
And worship him in gladness everywhere;
Mingle without intolerance and pride,
And make his holy word our counsellor and guide.

THE REBELLION.

THE ASSAULT UPON VICKSBURG.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

A correspondent of the New York Herald gives an account of the attempt to take Vicksburg. There is a great deal of censure of Sherman, who, it is said, wished to take Vicksburg before Olernand arrived, so as to monopolise the glory.

OUR FIRST LINE OF BATTLE

was formed on a line parallel with the enemy's position, though not so long as their line—it being about five miles in extent—and from a mile to a mile and a half from the rebel works. The accomplishment of this movement was most perfectly successful, our losses being comparatively nothing, less than one hundred men having been placed *hors du combat*.

CHARGE FROM THE CENTER—GEN. M. L. SMITH WOUNDED.

In the position thus secured, our forces rested on the right, the centre and left making some vigorous efforts to gain positions on the bluffs. Gen. Morgan L. Smith, commanding the centre, ordered a charge up to the foot of the bluff. The regiment having the advance met the enemy's fire just as they came to the crossing of the bayou, when they showed signs of faltering. The General, who was watching the movement, at once sprung to the head of the column, and, waving his sword, called on his men to follow him. Scarcely had he spoken when he was struck in the thigh by a musket ball, and badly wounded. He was taken from the field, and his forces fell back into their position under cover of the woods. General Smith was painfully though not badly wounded. The ball penetrated the fleshy part of the thigh, breaking no bones, but making a very ragged wound. He suffered considerably from loss of blood before his wound was dressed, and became very faint. He is now doing well, with every prospect of being able to take the field again within a couple of weeks.

GENERAL A. J. SMITH TAKES COMMAND OF THE CENTRE.

The division commanded by General M. L. Smith was committed to the charge of Gen. A. J. Smith, after the former was wounded, and Gen Burbridge was assigned to the command of the latter's division on the right.

ANOTHER CHARGE.

General Steele, commanding on the left of the centre, made a desperate effort to gain the bluff, in which he captured two of the enemy's field works, with nine guns, but was finally compelled to fall back. His loss was but trifling, and it may be that he merely intended to reconnoitre the enemy's position preparatory to subsequent operations. If this was his object he was eminently successful. The guns he captured from the enemy will abundantly repay any losses he met with.

ON THE EXTREME LEFT

General Morgan made some demonstrations upon the enemy's position, the nature of which I have not learned. He rested at night in the position he had taken during the day. Yesterday the battle was renewed with much greater vigor and determination along the entire line. My position was with the right, the doings of which I am more conversant with than with the operations on any other part of the field. If, therefore, I fail in doing justice to other portions of the army that so nobly grappled with the enemy in his strongholds, it must be attributed to the lack of omniscience on the part of your correspondent.

ON THE RIGHT.

Owing to the change of commanders, or some other cause as yet unexplained, it was late in the day before the right division was ordered into action. The gunboats Marmora and Juliet were stationed in False river to protect our flank, which, by their vigorous cannonading, they successfully accomplished. At one time the enemy were observed getting a battery into position, evidently to cover a movement on our right, when the bursting of the shells from the gunboats convinced them of the hazardous nature of the attempt, and they abandoned it.

AN ARTILLERY FIGHT.

The wagon road leading from Johnson's Ferry to Vicksburg, crosses the bayou directly in front of the left of our division. The bridge at this point had been destroyed by the enemy, as also the road to a considerable extent, timber having been felled across it and all sluiceways torn up. The enemy also have upon the bluff at the head of this road a field work for light artillery, ranging directly down on the course of the road, and also single gun batteries in the face of the bluff. To avoid as far as possible these obstacles, General Smith had thrown his pontoon bridge across the bayou a little to the right of the old bridge. At this point Gen. Burbridge massed several batteries of artillery, opening a brisk cannonade upon the rebel batteries. They replied earnestly for a while; but their fire gradually slackened as our men warmed to the work, and got more accurate elevations to their pieces and adjusted their fuses with more accuracy, and at last ceased altogether, and their cannoniers were seen hauling their guns up the hill.

A GALLANT CHARGE—BRAVERY AND FEARFUL LOSS.

At this juncture, the Fifty-fourth Ohio was ordered to charge across the bridge. They obeyed the order with alacrity and courage, meeting a terrible fire of musketry both from the rebel sharpshooters concealed in the gullies of the plain beyond and from the rebel infantry in their rifle pits. But the gallant Buckeyes never flinched, but succeeded in gaining the opposite bank. Here they were charged upon by an entire rebel brigade, against whom they contended madfully for a time, but at last were surrounded and overpowered. The regiment was in an extremely critical situation, and seemed captured for a certainty. Still they fought on, evidently determined not to surrender. They were contending against fearful odds, and their ranks were thinning rapidly. At last, when it seemed clear that they could no longer sustain themselves and would certainly be captured in a body, one of our batteries was ordered to open upon the promiscuous crowd. In a moment the shell were flying briskly, hitting friend and foe indiscriminately. The fire was too hot for the rebels, and they quickly withdrew, leaving the Ohio boys on the field. These gathered up their killed and wounded and retired across the bridge with all possible despatch, glad to escape so easily. They were sadly cut up, though, fifty per cent. of their number having been killed or wounded. Seven of them were killed outright by our own shells, and a much larger number wounded, but the regiment was saved.

REINFORCEMENTS—ANOTHER FIGHT AND VICTORY.

After the withdrawal of the Fifty-fourth Ohio, the Sixth and Eighth Missouri and the Thirteenth regulars were ordered to cross. This they did promptly, the gallant Eighth—heroes of every noted field, save Pea Ridge, in the South-west—taking the lead. The whole force crossed safely and without loss, and immediately deployed off to the left to get possession of the Vicksburg road. Scarcely, however, had they got into line when a rebel brigade came charging down the road upon their flank. The detachment quickly changed front and formed in line of battle and accepted the challenge offered by the enemy. A brisk engagement ensued, lasting about half an hour, at the end of which time the rebels broke and fled in confusion. They were hotly pressed by the Missouri "boys," who cut them up badly, more than treble avenging the losses of the Fifty Fourth Ohio.

THIS CLOSED THE ACTION ON THE RIGHT,

Night being near at hand, and the enemy apparently indisposed to offer further resistance to our crossing. At this time it would have been easy to have crossed the entire division, and obtain any position that was desirable. But for some reason not explained to outsiders, this was not done, but, on the contrary, orders were issued to those who had crossed, to retire, and under cover of the darkness they all fell back into their old positions in the edge of the timber. Here they have remained since, no movements at all having been made to-day, only a trifling skirmish early this morning on the extreme right.

OPERATIONS ON THE CENTRE.

I have been unable to learn the precise nature of the movements in the centre. That division made an advance, crossed the bayou, and gained the foot of the bluff. This was not accomplished without a desperate struggle, but our men were equal to the duty required of them. But after gaining this ground, probably for the same reason that governed in the recall of the troops in the right division, they were withdrawn, and night found their line whereof this is the morning, under cover of the timber.

POSITION OF THE LEFT AND THEIR OPERATIONS.

The left, consisting of two divisions, General O. W. Morgan having the extreme left, and General Steele being upon his right, have been more busily engaged. Their line necessarily forms a curve facing northeast and east. They have the batteries on Haines' Bluffs at their left, and the fortifications of the bluffs with the rifle pits in their front. Opposed to them the enemy's line is nearly or quite half as long again as their own. The county road leading from Milldale to Vicksburg runs in front of them, between them and the enemy.

WHAT WAS ATTEMPTED AND ITS OBJECT.

The column has made most desperate efforts to pierce the enemy's line and gain the bluffs, in order to get into the rear of the batteries on Haines' Bluffs, and, with the co operation of the gunboats, silence those guns. There are other objects to be gained by crossing the bluffs at this point. Once through the rebel lines, there would be no difficulty whatever in sending a force across to the crossing of the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, over the Big Black River, and by the destruction of the bridge at that point, cut off the enemy's retreat as well as prevent their getting reinforcements. These are some of the leading objects to be gained by getting through the rebel lines in this direction. The effort was made twice yesterday, our troops on both occasions getting well up to the enemy's lines, but in both instances being overcome by the tremendous storm of artillery and musketry by which they were received, and forced to retire. Our losses here have been heavier than in any other part of the field, though I am unable to state, definitely, what the casualties have been in those particular divisions.

OUR LOSSES TO THE 30TH OF DECEMBER.

The Medical Director reports the casualties in the entire army, up to noon to-day, at seven-hundred and fifty-four in killed, wounded and missing. Since then a very disgraceful affair occurred in the centre that largely increases the number. An Ohio regiment, occupying an advanced position, were attacked by a considerable force of rebel cavalry. With scarcely no resistance at all they threw down their arms and surrendered. What aggravated the case is the fact that relief was close at hand. A large Union reserve force came up so suddenly that the enemy had no time to gather up the arms they had captured; but, leaving them lying upon the ground, with all their other spoils, they drove their prisoners before them as a herd of cattle, and made haste to get back into their own lines. This is the first cowardly act of this campaign, and by it the rebels gain about five hundred prisoners.

DEATH OF COLONEL WYMAN.

Colonel Wyman, of the Thirteenth Illinois, acting on General Steele's staff, was shot on Sunday by rebel sharpshooters, while leading a regiment into action, and instantly killed. The ball entered his breast, passing through his lungs. He had the reputation of being a brave and gallant officer.

A NEGRO SHARPSHOOTER.

On our right a negro sharpshooter has been observed, whose exploits are deserving of notice. He mounts a breastwork regardless of all danger, and, getting sight of a Union soldier, draws up his musket at arm's length and fires, never failing to hit his mark.

THE INTENDED MOVEMENT AGAINST HAINES' BLUFFS.

A grand combined naval and army movement—a sort of forlorn hope—was planned against the batteries on Haines' Bluffs and the enemy's extreme right, for Thursday (New Year's) morning, with a view of getting a position on the bluffs, expecting thereby to be able to march close up to Vicksburg without encountering their batteries. The movement was a very desperate one, especially for the navy, four vessels of which—the Benton, Louisville, Cincinnati and De Kalb—were to run close up under the rebel batteries, while the rest of the fleet lay at the foot of the stretch, half a mile distant, and all were to keep up a continuous firing.

ARRIVAL OF GEN. BUELL.

The ram Lioness, with Colonel Ellet in person in command, her bows fitted with an enormous drag, to clear the river of torpedoes, was to lead the way. The mere tender of his services for this most hazardous expedition by Col. Ellet, and his determination to make the tender good, as manifested in putting his ram in readiness, and getting her under weigh at the appointed time, entitle him to honorable mention among the heroes of the day. The expedition was to start at three A. M., so as to get in position and commence an attack by four A. M. At o'clock, Col. Ellet, who had left their cover of the woods,) fired our carbines and pistols, then sought shelter until we re-loaded our pieces, charged again upon the rebels, and in this way kept up the fight for over half an hour, until finally we succeeded in securing our wagons under cover of the infantry, our officers being over a mile off during the whole skirmish.

When we got back to camp, we discovered that one of our men was missing; we besought our officers to allow us to return for the body, but they would not consent. The next afternoon, however, a squad of us started off without leave, and on searching the skirmishing ground, we ascertained that the body had been buried by a negro who lived in the woods; he told us that the rebels had waited for us to return for the body of our comrade, until about an hour before we arrived; they had stripped it of all arms and clothing, then told the darkey to dig a hole and throw it in. This affair proved so glaringly the incompetency of our officers to lead us into battle, that the majority of the men swore that they would go to prison before they would follow such officers into the field. The next day they were put to the test, for we were ordered to join Gen. Rosecrans' army; they refused to move; the order was then given that all who were willing to go, should step six paces to the front; there was about three hundred of us stepped out, the balance refused to go. We started about an hour and a half after wards, and were sent to form a part of Gen. Negley's command; after that I can scarcely give you any connected account of what happened; it was more like a guerrilla fighting than anything else.

The first serious charge we made was a fearful one for us. In the first place I must tell you that we have no Colonel, he having been captured by the rebels at the time of their raid into Maryland. Our Lieutenant Colonel is an invalid, and is seldom out of the ambulance—the command, consequently, devolved upon the two Majors. There was a body of rebel infantry stationed in the woods who annoyed our men by firing upon them from this cover. We had, together, about one hundred and fifty men, under the command of Majors Rosengarten and Ward. Major Rosengarten ordered us to charge through the woods, when suddenly, from behind a stone wall, volley after volley was poured into us. We had been led into an ambuscade, having charged upon two regiments of rebel infantry. Both Majors were killed, besides about thirty of the men. We were thus deprived of the only officers we had with us, the others being scattered over the field with their respective companies. For the rest of the day we were everywhere; at one time fighting with one regiment, at another with a different one, and so for six days I was not out of the saddle, excepting about four hours at night. I cannot describe my feelings during the fight. When I first commenced I was afraid, in spite of all I could do; but after the first fire, all fear vanished. My horse was killed by a rebel battery stationed in the woods, but I secured another, as there were plenty running loose over the field, their riders having been killed. It was a fearful sight to view the dead, and to hear the groans of the wounded lying on the battle field.

The rebels were in possession of Murfreesboro' and were determined to hold it. We learned from some of the prisoners that Jeff. Davis had been there a few days before, and told them that they *must* hold on to the place—but they could not do it; we have it now in our possession. After fighting for six days, the regiment became so disorganized that we were one half the time without any officers to lead us. At one time General Stanley ordered the 2d Regiment of Tennessee Infantry to charge on a rebel battery—they did so, but were repulsed; General Stanley then cried out, "Where are my brave Pennsylvania boys?" "Here, here!" was the response. He gave the order "Draw sabres, charge!" With sabres drawn in one hand, pistols in the other, our carbines unslung ready for use, we bore down upon the enemy and drove them from their position. This was the last charge we made, excepting some slight skirmishes on the Murfreesboro' pike. Our horses were almost used up, and so in fact were the men; we could not find the few officers that were left us, so we were ordered back to Nashville.

When we returned to our old camp ground, near Nashville, we found it deserted, the tents having been struck and all the boys departed. We reported to Gen. Mitchell, commander of the forces around this place. He gave us a history of all that had transpired during our absence. He said that after we left, he sent Col. Wood to the camp to ascertain what the men intended doing, if they were willing to do duty or not. On arriving there, the Colonel ordered them all into line. The men fell in cheerfully. He addressed them, saying, that he had very few words to say to them; that he had come for the purpose of performing a serious duty, and that he intended carrying it out to the letter; that if the men were willing to return to their arms, and obey the officers that would be put over them, all would be well—if they still refused, he would desp